

Bu ni Mi wo Sasagete Hyaku to Yonen. Elf de Yarinaosu Musha Shugyou

(武に身を捧げて百と余年。エルフでやり直す武者修行)

Author: Akashi Kakkaku

Illustrator: bun150

Synopsis:

Slava, who devoted his entire life practicing martial arts, took a disciple from a foreign country. The undefeated martial artist, never losing a fight up until now, has been overcome by old age is about to take his last breath over a century after his birth. While lying in bed regretting his past, Slava noticed his disciple caring for him. The man and small woman observe each other. She says “Yoshi, Papa~” which causes Slava to be confused with a single word. The man who regrets his lifelong devotion to martial arts, reincarnated into the race which is known for vast vitality, the Elven race. Using the knowledge from his previous life, he gleefully

trained his body and… ?

“Shishou… Shishou!?”

“Who? …You must have mistaken me for someone else.”

The man, who is one of the two strongest characters, lets hurry and start the story about the life as an Elf.

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[Chapter 0]

-Boy and Girl-

Warm sunlight poured down from above as the sun ascend higher up the sky. There was still a sense of coldness that lingered in the wind, and in front of me, a single girl stood.

The distance between us wasn't far. If either one of us decided to step forward, the short distance would disappear in an instant.

However, neither I nor the girl moved. Although we still held the thought of landing a blow of the other's body.

She was a pretty girl with shining red eyes, and skin as white as snow. We were about the same height, and she was around ten years old. Stealing a glance at her superb facial features, I thought she looked very lovely.

Well, let's make it clear so there will be no misunderstanding. We were here to have a spar, and I have never met this girl until today.

Therefore, we are not in any intimate relationship. Although it was my intention that we are to become close friend someday —— right now, we aren't.

Then, this kind of relation——

"….Ahaha. Here I go, huff!"

Just as the wind calmed, it blew once again. The girl's smile twisted into the shape of a crescent moon.

With an awfully joyful voice, and immediately following the sound of damped ground, she rapidly approached me.

Restlessness overcame her because neither of us made a move. To gain some distance from the troublesome girl, I kicked against the ground and leapt my body away.

Despite having a slender figure, her kick exerted lots of force, as seen by how the soil on the earth where she once stood was blown away and what was left behind was a scooped spot.

Virtually all of the force exerted onto the ground had been converted into speed, and in an instant, the distance which was supposed to be around five meters was soon closed.

As the distance continued to shorten until where we could reach one another, I readied myself. The girl came at me with astonishing speed which normal humans could not perceive, all the while having a twisted smile.

At this moment, for the sake of "sparring," the girl threw a left punch.

The wind roared for just an instant, yet had turned so sharp that it almost scratched my cheek.

The girl who disappeared into the sky reappeared before me with her fist extended and aimed for my face.

In front was the roaring wind followed by the fist pushing it from behind, I formed my fists and put up a firm guard in front of my face, catching her fist at the center of my face.

The punch packed enough force to crush a skull of a bear let alone an adult.

“Hahaha! Wonderful, you’re wonderful Slava-kun!”

The power in her slender arm could not possibly be one of a little girl.

Swallowing up the gentle wind, the deadly punch created a violent storm.

“Then, how about this!?”

At that time, it was like fighting against a storm.

One strike, then two, then it increase to six. Within moments, it was over ten consecutive strikes.

Each punch in the storm of dozens of punches possessed clear killing intent, and she consistently threw out punches with more than enough force to kill.

So, since this was supposed to be a spar, there was only one thing to do —— fight back.

In terms of appearance, both of us looked around ten years old. In order to have a fight, I had come to face this girl named Sheryl.

To be more precise, in terms of age, I was twelve. Sheryl was fifteen. Both of us were elves blessed with long lives, and in any case, we looked younger than our actual age.

Confronted by such a girl, I was well aware of the consequences, however, I was still a dedicated martial artist. Given the situation, I intended to retaliate.

Observing each punch one by one, sometimes I dodged, while occasionally I had to neutralize and or parry the strike.

“It’s not broken, ahaha! It isn’t breaking! This is the first time, Slava-kun!”

In spite of being very young, the feeling behind Sheryl’s fists reflect that of —— a mentally unstable child.

For god's sake, just how the hell was this girl raised. The child is innocent, but it is disturbing nevertheless.

The fists continued to fly at me as I thought to myself. For a brief moment, I sent a gaze at Sheryl's acting foster parent, who was also her grandfather and my irresponsible old friend, and our gaze met.

On his face, I saw a familiar smirk, and couldn't help but let out a sigh.

Good grief, even though it was never his hobby to meddle with others much less take care of a child, this time he really needs a scolding.

....Putting that aside, let wrap this up first.

Concentrating my thoughts into one, I calm my mind. It was as if a calm stream washed over and cleared my mind. With my mind cleared, I could perceive the world more closely.



Now I could see each of the violent punches slowly and clearly. I kept watching the flow of power and wondered to myself how much time had passed since I last experienced this.

This is going to be easy peasy.

Making up my mind, I pushed out my left hand and aimed for one of the incoming fists. Sheryl's flow of power is like that of a muddy stream, but the punches kept on coming with the intent to kill regardless.

I didn't dare to strike with the intent to kill, so as I pulled in her striking

fist, I made use of it's momentum and redirected it back at her.

Sheryl's fist contained much more power than necessary, and so I pulled her entire body in —— then, I used my foot to swipe Sheryl's leg and gave her a punch. Just like that, Sheryl's body was sent flying.

Time seemed to flow very slowly for me, but while in the process of demonstrating how strong I was, Sheryl was sent flying because of it.

After she flew back several meters, she finally crashed into the ground.

She was a girl with a small physique but she was sent flying and ultimately crashed at the speed beyond the limit of those with the same aspect. Despite crashing on relatively soft ground, it was still quite bad, and could be life threatening.

"Ahaha! As expected of Slava-kun. The sensation of pain, it's been awhile."

Right, she can no longer be labeled as someone "ordinary." This girl, looks like my concern was wasted.

Sheryl stood up as if it was nothing, turned around and faced me while having a happy smile on her face.

Honestly, that jerk took a really great disciple. The image of Sheryl's grandfather, someone who was undesirable but inseparable for her, floated through my mind, I then adjusted my stance.

.....Well, you may be wondering why I am fighting her, and I do intend to tell the whole story.

It’s an old story, and it might be a little too lengthy —— anyway, this is a story about thirty years ago.

Prologue

A hundred years after being born. It is a very long time when one thinks about it.

Every time the undershirt was taken off, a body full of wrinkles was revealed, like crocodile skin.

…This body has become decrepit and ugly over the years, it is impossible to push it any further.

I thought, as I looked at my body full of wrinkles, reflected on the large mirror in the dojo.

Looking at it closely, this body seems as weak and thin as a dead tree branch, and many wrinkles mark the skin.

Born over a hundred years ago. The time I've spent devoted to martial arts is almost equivalent to that.

This body has reached its limited after continuously pushing it to the extreme these past one hundred years, there is nothing to complain about.

… Strongest, ha. It is a short lived and good-for-nothing dream shared by two people.

The days when this body can be pushed no longer exist. Everyday, this body was put to the test, receiving injuries far worse than regular wounds.

Layers of muscles obtained all wasted, the only thing that remains is this tattered body.

However, by wearing armor, my muscle strength increases. If technology was easier to understand and faster to attain with power than「Martial Art」s, I would have aimed for it from the beginning.

“Ka, fu…”

I cough violently, from inside my parched body, I spit out blood.

A body over a hundred years old, lung hemorrhage is only fitting. I have already lost all strength to resist, as I was sitting straight(seiza), my body fell forward.

…I was diagnosed with a disease. It affects the lungs, and causes internal bleeding, it’s a rare disease that can cause death. There is a way to cure it, but it seems that this old body can no longer tolerate medical treatments. It is a disease not even a master can overcome. In a sense, I am a foolish and immature person.

In my final moments of life, I recalled what the doctor mentioned. In a place far far away, at the edge on this world, exists a place called「Nihon」,which is the doctor’s birthplace, where treatment can be done, it is regrettable.

At that time, perfecting martial arts was more important than following the doctor's advice regrettably, therefore accepting the result is normal, that's right. I had fully understood that feeling.

"Fu, kukuku…."

On the contrary, this old man coughed out blood while letting out a laugh.

——While thinking about the past, I realized my life was only filled with regrets. I can't help but to laugh at my own foolishness.

I devoted myself to the martial arts, thus I did not take a wife nor have a child.

Without even taking care of my possessions, I continued to pursue my art.

To watch my disciple, who I view as my own daughter, attain greatness won't be possible, I am near death and about to die.

…But, such a thing does not matter.

Dedicating over a hundred years into martial arts, my greatness had yet to be seen. It is such a disappointment.

That master claimed to have set foot into the third stage. If so, how far

have I came, second stage or perhaps first stage ──

Had I instead tried to understand the fundamentals of martial arts, rather than rely on strength, I could have had a little more time to train.

It is often said that regrets build up as one lives their life. Even if humans possessed longevity, my life would still be filled with regrets regardless.

Taking a wife is unnecessary, and so does having a child. Money is not needed, nothing is needed.

Therefore, heaven, I… I and martial arts. Give me more time to perfect my martial art.

I think I acted like a whining infant. But still, I wished for more time.

"──Ah~, Shishou!"

The dojo's doors was violently forced open, and my beloved disciple rushed in.

Currently, I've fallen onto the floor and my tunic is smeared in blood.

She rushed over to me, and gently lifts my body, which is equivalent to a dead log.

Tears well up in her shaking eyes.

“Please don’t give up! Please don’t leave me, please, ah….!”

As if a dam gave out, large drops of tears overflow the little disciple’s eyes and drip down her face.

Each drop, as clear as water, falls onto my face and mixes with my blood.

Then, I was lightly poked by her tender index finger. I open my eyes as if awoken from a slumber.

“Shishou! It is me, it’s Alma-desu! Can you hear me clearly-desu!?”

My disciple— Alma, her eyes focused on me, smiles as she continued to sobs.

Even if it is suppressed, the sound of weeping can still be made out— I see, my head is being caressed, and I cannot move my body.

…When I was at the age of forty, I picked up a young girl without any relatives. By no means had I intended to spend so much time with her and develop a close relationship.

She was twelve years old at the time, and I should note that she is over seventy years old, yet she still has the face of a girl roughly around the age of seventeen or eighteen.

If humans were metaplasia(self repair? self rejuvenate?) like, this shishou was surprised— the reason was her outer appearance, the attire she was wearing is that of a little girl.

Compared to humans, Alma's ears were long and pointy— a distinctive feature of the Elven race which were blessed with long life.

Her appearance was that of a human child at the age of twelve, but despite looking like a twelve year old, her race's growth is around ten times as slow as a human's.

To consider the young child as my own daughter —— yareyare(my my). An old man over a hundred and a little girl at eighteen, it would be better to consider both as grandfather and granddaughter.

"D-don't… cry… Alma….

A-as someone who practices the Shijima style… you shed tears so easily."

I was unable to move my hand, but somehow managed to utter a few words.

Then, a smile floats across her face and she suppresses her tears.

"You're back-desu… Ah!"

Letting out a sound, she noticed that I do not have much strength left, there is happiness mixed into her trembling voice.

....It may be better to die with no one weeping.

Some time ago, Alma desperately used magic to help me recover from the brink of death, my life was prolonged as the result and I was able to speak normally.

However, my condition right now is like that of a flask full of holes. When her magic was poured into me, I felt as if it were poured into a bottomless pit. Magic was originally meant to treat the wounded, thus the magic at which one can use to cheat death is non-existent in this world.

...This is something to be expected, my beloved pupil.

But, you will not be able to admit it. Alma, when I heard you calling me father, I was a little troubled. The truth was I felt a little happy, even if it was a little, I was glad you felt that way.

“It’s fine already....stop your magic.

Time has caught up with me.”

I finally mustered enough strength, thus moved my hand and put it on top of Alma’s hand.

Although she felt relieved, Alma's face was filled with cold despair.

"No….No-desu! Please, this is not the time, it is not yet time for you to give up! My training has yet to finish, please do not say such a selfish thing!"

Crying like a child, Alma refused to listen to my words.

…Her feelings, I understood it completely. I too broke out in a tantrum, and spoke the same things when my shishou died.

However, my feelings at that time, if I remembered correctly, I did not express them in words.

When my shishou died, I was able to accept the fact and follow his path to accumulate knowledge about martial arts— such feelings drove me to continue to live in this world at that time.

I continued to train, but all of it was crude. Come to think of it, when master was still alive, devoted their entire life into practicing martial art—

…The outcome, it can easily be guessed.

I followed the same path and would die the same way. And if that is the case, then master and I may have experienced similar things.

…Aaa, the previous thought then surfaced, I won't be able to witness my pupil's future growth, as I thought, such a shame.

“Listen, Alma… These will be my last words to you. As a father, and as a teacher… will you listen?”

“—No, no, no, no… please don’t go, shishou…”

In the end, she finally broke down and cried.

Be at ease, Alma.

At least, I wanted to teach her my masteries… but it seems that I no longer have the chance to do so.

Coughing lightly, blood continued to spill out, but not as much as before.

My internal organs, they have already reached their limits. It would be unreasonable to push it any longer, this decrepit and ugly body. That much is true.

So little time remains. At the very least, I want to pass on that thing.

I waited for Alma to settle. Even though I mentioned I wanted to leave something for her, it is not as important as it sounds.

The master passes on his technique to his pupil, to succeed the Shijima style, it is time to let the future generation to inherit the old legacy.

After a while, tears still flowing— but it seems that Alma had calmed down a little bit.

…This child is strong. As this child's master and father, I'm very proud.

Taking a small breath, I took out what I had arranged before hand.

The fire of life can perish unexpectedly, the Shijima is all I can give to you so forgive me, Alma.

"First, as your master, Slava Shijima

…Hold out your hand, Alma."

While sniffing her nose, Alma did exactly as I said, and held out her hand.

While I felt my life continue to slip away from my body, I reach for a pocket in my pant.

One way or another, this day will mark my death. It seems that I was completely oblivious to this fact due to thinking of other, more important things.

"This is a key-desu?"

“Umu… Will you take over the dojo, and become a master, in my absence?”

“Do you mean… ? Yes, I understand-desu.”

“This is… it is the key to unlock what is sealed in the back. What’s kept there… is the scroll containing all of Shijima style’s masteries. The things my master spoke of, written down and kept secret. There are only two who knew of its existence, my master and I…”

I coughed out blood and inhaled air roughly.

There was little time remaining. I must make haste and pass down my words to this child as a father.

I desperately tried to breathe, and continued to speak.

“But, now, you are the third person.

…Alma, you must not carelessly tell anyone about the existence of this scroll.

When you have completely mastered everything in it, you shall be a full fledged master of the Shijima style.

…I entrust the Shijima’s style to you, Alma.”

“…Hai, I will accept it, shishou.”

“On that day, you shall be Alma Shijima….kuku..kuku.

….ka fu, ge fu!”

“Shishou!!”

Damn it. I can only hold on for so long, feeling like a tattered rag.

Coughing regularly, red drops of life continued to spill out.

Acute pain occurs every time I cough, I felt as if my lungs have been punctured.

Still, this old man wants to convey his thoughts.

“Then… From now, these will be the words of— Slava Weser as a father… ahh…”

“Please, that’s enough already! You will really die-desu!”

Her usual cute voice was trembling, and she understood my condition well.

My one and only daughter, so I say. These past sixty years spent living together, the majority of the time I was not acting like a parent.

It was bad of me, only at the end did I act more like a fatherly figure.

I put my hand on top of Alma's head shaking desperately.

I thought that I had long lost my arm strength— but unexpectedly, humans sometime make miracles.

Without refusing my hand covered in blood, Alma realized this will be my last moment, she stayed silent and bit her lip.

"I had love. A wife and child I had none, but you were always the one showing me a bright smile, and to me that made you undeniably my daughter.

…You are blessed with long life. So, find a good man and give birth to a child. And, give that child lots of love and happiness.

So, I pray that my daughter can find her happiness—"

I finished speaking what I hoped for, and I felt at ease.

Drops of tears continued to shed from Alma's eyes, but they seem to have stop for a brief moment.

…To the child who lost her parents, I am her foster parent. It is sad, but I was happy.

I pray my daughter will build a happy family, and will be able to live in peace.

I spoke what I wanted to. All my past regrets seem to have vanished, and I felt unexpectedly relieved and satisfied.

…However, new regret was also born. Speaking of happiness, maybe I should have marry. But then, Alma would not have been my child.

…Well then, this is fine.

“Shishou…? Shishou!!”

Alma’s voice slowly sounds further away. I felt warmth, then my consciousness faded farther and farther away.

Ah—

My regrets remained, but it was a good life.

At the same time, my hand slipped from Alma’s head, and my mind slipped into darkness.

…Hopefully, in the next life I want to live without regret.

♦ ♦ ♦

…That was supposed to be my last thought, but what the heck.(T.L. Sound familiar?)

In front of my eyes, I see a figure of a man and woman.(T.L. Sound familiar?)

Their facial features… long and pointy ears, these two are Elves.(T.L. That's kinda new.)

Elves, they could possibly be the same as Alma— in the first place, the Elf race lived their lives closed off from the outside world— from my standpoint, I am not sure whether or not these two are Elves.

"Dear, do you see us now?"

"Ah, look here… I wonder if he understands you at this age?"

The two elves, laughed happily while looking at my face.

…This is strange. This man and woman, they laugh whenever I move.

I wondered if there is a baby next to me. So, I turn my head to get a glance.

However, I can see only bars made of wood. Given the soft sensation on my back, I determined that I was put to sleep on a bed.

…No no, wait just a second. This situation. In the first place, I was supposed to have died.

So, why am I lying down like this? What more, this bed, it is too small.

“Oh! He turns his head. Do you deny our words?”

“Dawa, you don’t like it. If so, mommy is so sad.”

“Haha, that’s right.”

This man and woman, they stare at each other and laugh.

….What, this uneasy feeling… Something is not right.

What the heck happened to me? (T.L. Sound familiar?)

I took in various consideration, but my thoughts are all tangled and I couldn’t come up with an answer.

But at the same time, an undeniable answer surfaced in my mind, then a chill went down my spine.

“Hey, can I cuddle him?”

“Yes, that’s fine.”

In a state of utter bliss, two hands wrapped around both of my sides.

…Impossible, for someone who is at my age, I’m way too thin.

No, this is more than thin, rather… I’m too small!

“Yosh! It’s Papa~”

As it is, my body was soon lifted up without any struggle.

After being lifted, my eyes catch sight of the man in front of me clearly, this is papa, and those words were probably directed towards me.

No way, I—

“Ufufu, don’t forget mama is here too.

Hey, Slava-chan? It’s mama~”

…Suddenly, that name was uttered, and I stiffen up.

No way, having a body of a baby has to be a dream… but is it really a dream?

But it feel like reality rather than a dream. But for me to be in this small body—

“Hey, Slava, your name is Slava, it is the name of a respected martial artist who became a legend!

Its the name of the sole person Alma-sama respects! You too will grow to become an honorable man~ Slava!”

——What now? Alma-sama?

Slava and Alma. That combination gives me a headache.

The answer I came up with a while now concerns me. Because my name was mentioned, this situation became absurd.

Perhaps, could I have possibly— become the child of this couple!?

“N~, the shape of your ears much resemble your mama. They are slim and beautiful.”

“Ara, his face resembles you though. I think our son, Slava, will surely be a lovely child.”

This scene unfolded before my eyes, there is nothing to deny it now.

I really want to insist about the fact that I died and this is only a dream

but— no matter how I look at it, it's real and I can feel my consciousness.

Bah, if it's like this.

I really, truly— am this married couple's son.

My life has ended, and I met death.

…But to think that Death had such an unexpected turn about.

The couple alternate between who holds me, while their faces are full of joy— again and again, as accordance to a baby's instinct— I was attacked with drowsiness.

Here, maybe if I were to wake up here, I may wake in heaven.

But if, if this body was bred from this man and woman then—

This life, I will live it without regret.

I will travel across however many treacherous mountain passes that I must, becoming number one, I will climb to the top. I will firmly standby this vow.

[Chapter 1]

-Five and One-hundred and six years old boy-

In the depth of the forest.

Here, I was at the center of serenity, meditate in the lotus position.

Meditation brings oneself to tranquility and become one with nature. One's training to sense the surrounding life is the foundation of the Shijima style.

Legs crossed, bottom on the ground, in a meditative state. In this position, I can join with nature.

Reached out toward the lush grass, soon, I was able to feel its life energy.

My immature body was flowing with the torrents of life, gently mingling with nature's magic, making it into a large, calm river.

Summing up the result of meditation since infancy, my magical power had already exceeded my past life. Honestly, the elves' affinity with magic is frightening.

By the time I had discretion —— at the age of five, I went out to the forest that surrounds the village and finally started to train my body.

It was complicated but despite having the form of a mere child, I was already over a hundred years old. It was no use to be worried about the fact, thus I came to accept living as a child….still, since there were things a child should not be able to do I chose to mask my activities whenever I was allowed to go outside.

All I did was training in the meditative state every day. Naturally, in the last four years, I had yet to use ki, thus during that time, I grew incredibly impatient.

But that ends today!

From this point on, I would be able to train to my heart's content!

To fulfill the mistake of Slava Weser, today marks the beginning of Slava Marshall's life!

I reverted to my old self and gave into the fear of losing precious time for a few brief moments, nearly ten times as much as when I was a human.

But when I thought about reaching the top when I have enough strength and, as a master, I felt delighted. Such joy, even from my past life —— I had yet to feel such delightfulness within myself.

Tsk! While I was having those thoughts, the feeling of nature's magic left my body abruptly.

Time isn't a concern, but it was best not to get overly excited.

"...Shit, my mind was slightly disrupted."

I looked at the green light as it leaves my body, I muttered.

For the spiritual power to scatter away while in the middle of meditation, tsk since when was I so careless. But this sense of immaturity, strangely enough, made me feel comfortable.

By slowly circulating nature's mana inside my body, I can absorb the mana into my existing Od. That was ultimately the goal when meditating. When done correctly, one will absolutely be able to increase their power.

The soul is what carries the mana, but the one energy I prefer over any other is the colorless Od. It is pure and the process of gathering it also brings no harm to the environment. Besides, the true nature of this training was to pursue and achieve Zen with this body, however, this mind of mine is that of a geezer, I can't believe I got this overly excited. I think that was enough of that for the day, afterall, my mind had already calmed down. ....No, even saying that I'm a geezer, I am currently a boy at the age of five.

Anyway, it was what it was. Let the training begin so I can move as I desire.

At any rate, it seems that I will only be able to meditate properly inside the house, now that my wish to be outside of the village was satisfied, I started moving toward my next goal.

If it's here, as long as I don't do anything flashy, no one will notice a thing. Thus, I will be able to train with all my energy.

It is best to restrain my mind from getting excited, no… rather, I'll put even more enthusiasm into it, thus I began to concentrate.

Taking the magical power out from my body, nothing but the sky was in front of my eyes, I then imagined the shape of a man.

Then, in front of my eyes appeared a human-shaped figure just like myself.

….Strictly speaking, that figure resembled me in my past life.

It was made using magic and possesses no face, it doesn't have any clothes nor does it resemble a human perfectly, but it can firmly be touched.

In addition, I was able to move that figure with my mind.

So… Since I had no equal partner to train with at the given time and it didn't look like anyone possessing some skill was lining up —— I was the only one with real martial art knowledge, so I guess I'll have train against myself.

Needless to say, to sum it all up, training against my former self was the only option. There was no meaning if I didn't surpass my past self.

However, that form is one that I spent several decades together with, there was some sense of attachment——its not all that strange——nevertheless holding back is a not an option.

Within the Shijima style, this was called mirraged shadow dance. I dance with the silhouette, that is exactly what I was going to do.

In my past life, I was not able to move freely during the last three years before my death combining it with this life, its been roughly eight years since. With an opponent I knew everything about in front of me, I felt my passion for martial art burst into flames.

“Here I go….”

The separated body of me did not talk back, I showed a slightly aggressive smile which I felt suitable for my age.

I bent my right arm and positioned it slightly in front of my face.

My left arm I stretched out to the front and kept it around waist height.

I have both of my palms open, this stance excel in defending against almost any technique.

I had decades long experience, and this is a basic stance of the Shijima style.

Then, I divided and used magic to create a separate body, the amount of magic I have left inside my body is just about half.

The same style, the same stance, we both have the same capabilities and therefore the same speed, so I decided to close the distance and maintaining the same stance——before long, as if the fuses connecting to the explosives had burnt out, both of us start to play.

The distance between me and my partner shortened in an instant——inside the forest, the sound of a violent blow echoed.

While avoiding the fist packed with enough power to pierce through an iron plate in the form of a punch, I took advantage of the force, by redirecting it at my shadow. However, I was not the only one to do so, my shadow start moving as well. All of my movement were read, I rebuild my stance and threw the shadow into the air.

The shadow regained its balance, and when it was about to land lightly on the ground, I moved in. Accelerating through the wind, this time around I fully grasped my body, this was the shadow I had created with the image of what I imagined myself to have been in my prime——to see what the difference in ability would be, I allowed one blow to reach my body.

….Fumu, I see. Since this body is still immature, the strength in my body is lacking.

But, it can make sharp movements and its flexible maneuverability compensates for the lack of power.

I regained my stance after having taking the hard blow and gotten blown off, I then closed in hard against the shadow. Naturally, the figure that I was pulling the strings of approached me. The action of my shadow is most troubling as it aimed a kick at my torso.

But with my short build, I slipped my way just between the kicking leg and the ground. Using footwork and taking advantage of a small body, I simply wanted to try it but the result was excellent.

The shadow's leg remained in a swinging motion, it is appropriate to call it an opening. I used the palm of my hand and struck in the opening and one can say that it was a fatal strike.

This strike drives magic power into the palm thus making it『Strong』it is a basic technique in the Shijima style. From the small body of a child, a fierce sound resounded in the forest, and the shadow was sent flying parallel to the ground.

….Ahh, there it is. The sound of fighting, the smell of the brawl.

It's been so long since my last fight, an intense aura wrapped around me. A break just isn't sufficient anymore.

The fist which I drove into that body, it felt really good!

My beaten up body, the sensation of aching and being in pain!

Gripping my finger and seeing my opponent in front of me, this is indeed the feeling from eight years ago.

I get the feeling of ecstasy despite being in pain, I suddenly get an illusion of awaking masochism as a fetish.

….No, its different. Without a doubt I am a martial artist, it is outrageous to say that I am a masochist, if anything I would say that I'm more of a sadist.

Anyway, if I was to forget the proper way of training, regaining what I lost would take me a great many years.

Beat and beaten, kicked and being kick, thrown and being throw.

Moreover, our abilities are exactly the same, this fight will take forever to finish.

Afterall this is me fighting myself, I would continue to train here for now until I feel the presence of some villagers then I'll stop——

"I'm home. Tosan, Kasan."

"Ah! Welcome back Slava——what happened to your clothes?"

I went home, I offered my greetings and was greeted back, but father shouted in surprise after seeing my dirty clothes.

Taking a look at my clothes, I saw that my clothes were torn here and there and certainly, I'm covered in mud.

…..They were wrecked. I had only taken care of the wounds on my body and healed them perfectly using magic, but I had completely forgotten about my clothing.

I'm so thoughtless for my age…..No, strictly speaking I am five today. But the sum of my actual age is 106, still it can't be helped since today I was especially high spirited.

But I'm truly in deep trouble. How should I defend myself.

"Are you hurt!? Did you fall off somewhere!? You are not in pain anywhere!?"

Father, Aram Marshall, with his disheveled golden hair, quickly ran over to me.

In the elves' society, men having long hair isn't uncommon. And so it can easily get disheveled.

His youthful and slender body line is elegant, his long hair mysteriously suits him very well——lets stop, I need to face this current situation.

"Yeah, uh, I fell somewhere.

I'm sorry, the clothes are all dirty…..I got them all dirty."

I'm still unfamiliar with speaking in a boyish manner. On the contrary

my words were stammering.

….Although I’m slowly getting more accustomed to it, there is nothing more I can do but to bear with it.

After I said that, father’s face looked extremely painful and deep with concern.

Seeing that father had complete trust in my words, my heart sank and it pains me.

“I’m not injured. I’m not hurt anywhere either. But my clothes, they were tattered…. just a little.”

“Ohh, Slava!! Oh goodness….Papa is glad you’re safe. The clothes aren’t anywhere near as important as you are, they can be replaced. You are our one and only treasure, did anything dangerous happen to you?”

Father hugged me tightly and it felt almost as if I was in some sort of play. ….This situation, I’m still not used to it. I felt a little shy, a little embarrassed, but its very warm.

The ways the elves go about expressing their feelings in their culture, there are times when I feel that they are somewhat exaggerated. I can understand that these are their true feelings since I’ve live in this society for five years, but inspite of that, I still feel a little crept out truthfully.

“….I’m very sorry. I’ll be more careful next time.”

I murmured my repentance, and father stopped hugging me, took his arms off and placed them onto my shoulders.

——Looking at Father, he looked like he's in his twenties but that is incorrect, his real age might be in the hundreds. In fact, he might even exceed my actual age.

Looking straight forward, Father's gaze and mine cross each other. My thoughts of regret might have been transmitted, and father let out a small smile.

Comparing the human lifespan to the elf's, the speed of which one grows is very different. The appearance isn't the only problem, it is also the mind as well.

For an elf, living a hundred years in human standards is only around twenty years. That is true for the appearance and so I thought that their mind should be ageing around the same speed as well.

.....Now that I possess this body, how envious humans must be.

The father I know remained unchanged these past few years. Nevertheless, as time passes, I continue to grow older and older inside.

"Alright Slava, as long as you understand everything is fine.

This time Papa will let it slide. But the next time you do something

dangerous like this again, Papa will get very angry. Do you understand?"

"….Yes, I understand. I'll be more careful next time."

After the talk and we reached a mutual understanding, I disappeared into the back of the living room.

Its a little late but the gentle voice of my strict mother reached my ears.

….Oh no, despite calling out to me gently, this is going to be a little more troublesome than it sounds.

"Slava~? Did Mama not kindly ask you to please not do anything dangerous~?"

Coming out from the back of the living room, is my mother Malta Marshall who looks as worried as she is angry.

The next time when I go out to train, I'll try not to trouble my parents too much.

While I had to sit and listen to my parent's sermon after the incident, I secretly vow to myself.

[Chapter 2]

-The World After The Void-

I spent everyday living comfortably in the village and training myself. Before I knew it, I was already twelve years old.

Although there are slight differences between individuals, an elf's mental age grows much slower during this time, and the elves consider it a big turning point during their lifetime.

On the day of my twelfth birthday, we had a little celebration party for me, and that also marked the time when I started going to school full-time.

If I was a human, I would have already been going as early as four or five, at the latest would be at six years of age. Then, there is the long-lived elven race. Among themselves, each individual has a very slow flow of time.

Anyway, I had my celebration for my twelfth birthday and arrived at a defining moment.

At this age, I am allowed to do a wide variety of things, but the most important one of them all is the fact that I could attend school.

The reason for that was because I had difficulty reading the alphabet and so I thought it would be fun to go to school, however.....this is a school for elves so a part of me was extremely concerned——

"Uuu..., after Slava parts with us it will be so lonely....

When you have long holiday breaks, be sure to remember to visit home!"

"You're exaggerating. But yeah, I will try to come home as often as I can."

"I beg of you, Slava. If Mama stays depressed like this, eventually Papa will fall into depression as well."

Of all things they could have said, those were their words on my first day of school, but the general curriculum required me to live in a dormitory so it couldn't be helped.

Although, I am not the only person who is loved——I thought that while

I tried to think of some way to express myself. The capabilities I held far exceeded those of someone of my generation.

I had all of the combined fighting experience in my past life while also having been effectively meditating ever since the first year when I was reborn.

For that, I gave myself plenty of self-praise. After all, I achieved such great power at the age of twelve.

Of course, there was no one who knew of this. Besides, this power shouldn't be carelessly shown to others either. Therefore, in order to keep it a secret, I would need to devise some sort of training inside of the dormitory. At least the benefit gained from shadow dancing had decreased greatly, so it was alright to stop with that training.

....But still, it'll only be two or three years.

It was pointless to mention time when speaking about the long-lived elves. For the period of three years, as someone who was more used to human standards, I found that to be very long.

Regardless, during this period I would be learning and studying at an academic standard, I could learn how to read. It felt awkward saying that when a dead person was now inside the body of a young boy, but everything was alright.

Two or three years——if I needed to endure only this much, I somehow needed to overcome the inconvenience of training, I thought to myself.

At any rate, during the final three years of my past life, I was unable to move my body very much. Compared to that, I felt like I could breeze through the same span of time with no problem.

Or so I thought, while feeling optimistic….

“Uhhu, but for ten years? Not being able to spend time with Slava for ten years…. Papa isn’t going to get lonely?”

“Of course I’ll be lonely. But, if Slava grows up splendidly in these ten years, Papa can endure it.”

Although I suspected that my ears heard that wrong the first time——ten years. It is going to be ten years alright.

During the last three years, I almost went mad just having to restrain myself from fighting and now you tell me that I have to endure this for another decade?

For example, an elf lives approximately ten times longer than a human, so putting it in simple terms, the sense of time for a human living one year is equivalent to an elf living ten years.

But it doesn't matter how slowly ten years pass by, my body that is of an elf would stay the same, but my human mind would deteriorate.

"I wonder....ten years is indeed very long."

"My, my, Slava is going to feel lonely like Mama as well?

It is all right. Compared to your future life, this is just going to feel like a blink of an eye."

Those words from father meant nothing more than that, because it is "just" a decade for an elf.

....Hmm, this is what you would call a "culture gap."

Although, in my past life, I did not understand its meaning coming from the young people, but....after living among a different race, I was

able to feel the distinct difference in culture.

"Well, everything is fine. Go on and have fun, experience and feel the numerous things out there.

Papa is rooting for you~"

The feeling of his support had been received and I didn't get the feeling of "it's somebody else's problem" in his words.

I looked back with a bitter gaze. It would be a mistake if one was to say that no child would feel lonely when leaving their parents' home. I let out a sigh without hiding it——

♦ ♦ ♦

Behind me, the other children's chatters could be heard while I was reading a book.

Unlike the village of Altor where I lived, this place was crowded with children.

Due to their long-lived trait, the elves do not have a lot of children, thus I gave it some thought about why there were so many children here.

That should be it. It had taken me a little more than a day on horse carriage from my elven village to this place, Mirafia National Academy Arufareia.

This school must be where the elven children in the country of Mirafia gather and attend, I thought.

Just like what I had originally predicted, I was now within this kind of place. I could not act too hasty here so I chose to study the alphabet by reading books to improve my skill.

I still had difficulty reading up until this point, but for a child to be able to read at this age might be a little eerie.

Plus, up till this point, I had been stealthily reading books, but now I would be studying with my head held high. That much should be fine.

Well, but——during my past life, I loathed studying anything except for

martial arts. However, this will only be for a short amount of time so I will not run away——

Since I am now in an environment where I have to study, with the exception of martial arts, this should surely be interesting. When I thought about all the things I've done throughout my entire life, I felt that there was nothing else to do but to give it my all.

Incidentally, the book which I was reading was about the recent history of martial arts.

….Well, it's alright. Studying is very enjoyable, it can't be help that I have to do something else beside martial arts.

"Slava-kun~, oh, are you reading a book?"

While I was reading a book under the sunlight shining between the leaves, I heard the voice of a girl.

I put away the bookmark in the middle of the pages and turned my head to the direction that the voice came from. There was a girl with hair of bright brown and a smile across her face. This girl approached me from behind.

Her age, in terms of human years, I would say, was no more than ten years.

A bright and friendly smile, it was a very girlish characteristic.

“Seria. ….Umm, good day to you.”

In the academy where most students, who were strangers to one another, gathered, it was still possible for one to meet one or two of his friends every now and then.

For me, this girl named Seria was the first person I ever made friends with in this life.

Considering my behaviors and how I talked, it was understandable that it was hard for my classmates, the elves from the same generation as me, to approach me.

When I was in the midst of isolation, a single person proactively came and talked to me. It was this very girl who called out to me, her name was Seria Kufurun.

She is a very kind person, very cheerful and very popular among the kids. At first, I was very worried when such a bright person had came and spoke to me.

But before I realized it, I started to talk to her more often. Also, Seria—for someone at her age, was very bright minded. Well, a person's way of maturing depended on the individual.

On top of that, due to her friendly nature, the other timid children in the class started to realise that I only know a little more than everybody else and they came to get along with me as well.

It was quite clear that my reply wasn't going to keep this persistent fellow from coming over. On that day, we spent time talking and telling one another a few funny stories.

While the flow of time continued to pass slowly, our relationship progressed and we became the best of friends.

Whenever she talked about such things, the classmates also joined in without reservation, thus I was able to sail by my times as a student while also enjoying it.

….Each time the number of people surrounding me increased, I honestly didn’t feel bad for not training in martial arts.

“Ehehe~, may I sit next to you?”

“Oh, please sit down. I wonder what do you want from me today?”

“Nnn~ today’s a nice day. I think I want to spend it slowly with Slava-kun.”

Although spending time with Seria is pleasant. As I recalled from the past, there was a time when I sat down like this and waited for time to pass by. How many years had passed since then, I wondered.

While I was thinking about the girl I considered as my own child, I got a feeling that I might already have a grandchild by this point.

I wondered what it would feel like to be playing with my grandchild. I wished that child would become a good natured person, unlike this bad shishou. I let out a bitter smile.

“Hey Slava-kun, what were you reading?”

When I was engulfed in calm thoughts, Seria casually broke the moment as she casted a glance at the book in my hand.

….Fumu. Although I was somewhat trying to hide the book….it is probably fine to show it to her.

As a side note, completely unknown to me, “Oji-chan” was what I came to be called. The senses of the children at this age were strangely sharp. However, it was not something I hated.

“This, it is a book that recorded the history of martial arts.

The people whom I hold in high esteem, I want to know what is written about them.”

With the bookmarked page still opened, I had to close it in order to show Seria the book’s cover. There, in plain text, the title of the book, “The History of Martial Arts 13048,” was written down.

The number, 13048, was from the calendar the elves used, which showed the latest version in years. In other words, this was the number of the current year. The history of the elves was much longer and more extensive compared to the human's history which dated back a few thousand years. Only after buying this book was I able to understand the sheer amount of time.

"Martial Arts? Say, is it about Alma-sama's feats and glories?"

Seria tilted her head and asked with a smile. I had a vision of seeing a question mark floating above of her.

....Alma-sama huh?

Alma, the God of Martial Arts, and also Slava, her master, these were the names of two people whom no one in this world didn't know about.

I was not able to get there and the first place in martial arts was handed down. It was ridiculous to feel uneasy about the fact —— however, I felt anxious about my disciple, the name of Alma. While acting in accordance with my wishes, she took on the Shijima name and due to her devotion to me, she also left behind my name.



Just how many months, how many years did it take you, and what did you do after achieving all these feats——

I had asked father quite a few times over the years but the answer which I got was in the years the elves used, it was rather confusing.

Really, it peaked my interest and I wanted to know about the details. I started to forget that Seria was there but recalled it after a few seconds.

Up to this point, there was never a chance for me to obtain my desired information from other people, so I tried to get to the point where I could

read fairly well. The information I wanted to know are contained within the books. The price for knowledge was expensive.

I came by it a few years back and by saving up my pocket money, I was finally able to get my hand on “The History of Martial Arts”.....which is now in my hands.

“Ah, I do not know all that much about Alma-sama.

It is one of the reason why I decided to study this book.”

“For a person to not know of Alma-sama, how very rare.

Your name, Slava-kun, even though you bear the same name as the Shishou-sama of Alma-sama.”

That much I already knew, there was no use talking back so I let out a wry smile.

.....After all, that was me. ....Not a soul would believe it even if I was to talk about it. Everyone would roll their eyes and regard me as a strange child.

“Well, I want to continue reading this book, is that fine?”

“Mmm? Are you asking if I mind?

It’s alright! I’m happy by just spending time with Slava-kun!”

Just as I wondered when the flower was to bloom, Seria shows a cheerful smile across her face, and I opened the book to the page where I had left the bookmark.

The important names inside the book—they were.

Alma Shijima… I see, that child inherited the name Shijima after all.

Alma Shijima.

Is a martial artist who succeeded the Shijima style martial arts that is revived by Iwao Shijima.

Since she is an orphan in the first place, she was raised as an adopted child by Slava Shijima (Slava Weser). As they past times together, she becomes attracted to her adoptive parents, Slava Shijima, figures and come to study Shijima Style

The different approach to increase magical power combined with the superior martial arts enabled the Shijima style to take down many other martial art styles.

In the recent years, it welcomed lots of newcomers while also trying to promote themselves. Iwao Shijima had started opening tournaments in various places and started to promote the style in the name of the founder, the purpose of these were to promote and encourage the small boys and girls into learning the Shijima martial arts.

When I looked at the results of her records in official tournament matches and found not a single defeat, I felt very proud. There are many experts who consider her to be the strongest martial artist in history. (Side note, the author is one of them too.)

However, she openly declared and insisted that the strongest martial artist to have ever lived was her one and only master, Slava Shijima. Because of this reason, the experts also hold deep respect toward Slava Shijima.

Also ——

....Really, how successful was my daughter to be held in high regards even until now.

The little one whom I thought of as my own daughter, her growth completely exceeded my expectation by a great amount.

That child was serious, she followed my wish and must have learned the secret techniques of the Shijima style and kept it hidden.

I also forgot that Seria was watching again. Without hiding my smile, I continued to read the sentences.

Reading through the section where the sentences could only be labeled as overly praising, I could not help but let out grins — suddenly, something caught my eye and made me feel concerned.

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

Why was such an unpleasant thing recorded down? Yet.

Seria, next to me, asked me in worried voice.

I was not exactly displeased with it, however, one thing it brought to my mind were worries.

Regarding that, the answer can be found if I flip back to the previous page.

What concerned me was the overview of something written “in the recent years.”

With this kind of wording, it was as if she was still alive.

….If it’s like that. That means I am living in the same time period as the one person whom I thought I’d never see again, I’m so glad.

A legend is but a myth about things people cannot believe to be possible. For example, achieving something that is earth shatteringly or unheard of. I would feel the same about reincarnation if I hadn’t experienced it first hand——

Then like this, I might be able to get a glance at the face of my disciple who had attained greatness.

Such unexpected fortune. While I was terribly excited, I searched for a certain entry inside the book——

The current year was 13048. After doing the calculation, and if I got it all correct, the time of Alma's birth was somewhere between 700 to 800 years ago, I could only say that it was expected for her, an elf, to have lived for that long.

After I found the (approx)year of her birth inside the book, I was full of joy.

12942~……following it was a stretched out line, which was not made of any numerical values. This meant that Alma was still alive.

This was a miracle, the heavens had allowed me an opportunity to witness the growth of my disciple with my own two eyes, I could not feel anything other than strong gratitude when I found out.

Based on her birth year, if I count backward it would be——

"Oh? That book——"

Looking at the book from over my eahd and Seria's, a crystal clear and dignified voice came down toward us.

Long and beautiful blue hair that would make even the sea feel ashamed of itself. Eyes filled with gentleness but also containing a degree of sharp strictness.

This beauty could no longer be compared to any piece of artwork, it had transcended this world, I remembered who it was.

“Fufu, I feel a little embarrassed.

Seeing the book which was written about me, I have a slightly creepy feeling.”

Her face, it’s totally the same as the photograph which came with the book——

Although the age was overlapping, it was the unforgettable face belonging to my daughter. That, was right in front of me.

Alma Shijima. Records shown the year of birth was in 12956, still alive and well in the year 13048.

In other words, Alma right now is about 100 years old. Yet, she still possessed the appearance of a twenty years old human——

This world which I lived in now, since the time of my death, only about thirty years had passed.

Subjectively speaking, the deep and emotional farewell I had with my daughter felt very recent, but now that I had witnessed my beloved daughter’s unchanging pretty and well appearance, I gathered myself together.

Although I had a preconception about her already being an old woman, this was beyond my expectation. I was reborn into the time not far from where I left it.

...Maybe a little too short, but……what do I do?

Alma grew up to be a dignified woman. However, I can still envision the old her clinging to me and crying not too long ago——

It was as if an actor who had just declared retirement came back to the stage one or two days after —— while feeling it was quite an awkward moment, I opened my mouth widely.

[Chapter 3]

-Shijima's Dendousha-

"Ahh! Alma-sama!! In person!! Are you really real!?"

"Fufu, such an energetic child. Aye, I'm real. Although I'm not certain whether or not there's an imposter going around."

An individual who not a single Elf would fail to recognize, the Legendary Martial Artist. Since she was before us, Seria was instantly captivated.

Behaving like a girl befitting her age(12), she happily jumped into the embrace of Alma, who caught her without any difficulty.

As a father looking at my own child and seeing her so cheerful made me realize that she was still the little girl from my memories.

Before me, Seria was screaming loudly, her voice filled with excitement.

It continued like that for quite sometime until finally, Alma gracefully set Seria onto the ground.

Although Seria was a little reluctant to let go, she happily accepted being set down on the ground.

….Alma had always spoken in polite speech when we were together in my past life but… before my eyes is 'Alma Shijima' someone who's speaking in a strong and dignified tone.

Did she become like this after I died? Or was she always like this and I

simply did not notice?….My brain is starting to hurt thinking about this, maybe I've mistaken her with someone else.

"Now then, there are a few things I want to talk about, but first, what's your name?"

"My name is Seria! Why is Alma-sama here in this place?"

"So, your name is Seria, it's a good name. Well~ how is school going for you, little one~? Oh? And who's this fellow?"

While chatting cheerfully with Seria, Alma noticed my existence.

Leaning her body down, Alma brought her face closer to take a good look at mine.

Reflected in my eyes were two familiar round pupils which gave me a nostalgic feeling.

I died while leaving her to feel unpleasantness, plus I've also said various —— I don't know how to put it —— at any rate, I feel a sense of guilt from within…

At the current time, I was at a completely loss inside my head, not knowing what action to take.

It wasn't necessary for me to reveal my identity to my very own daughter.

I was thinking that to myself, since Slava Shijima was someone whom she idolized. That said, whoever would believe me who was just an Elven child to be that person himself… it was very likely that she'll brush it aside.

For starter, the fact that Slava Shijima had died was undeniable. The dead can never come back to life.

The memories I harbored in my mind are definitely those of Slava

Shijima while being Slava Marshall at the same time.

In a way, I am just a young boy whose name is Slava Marshal who was inspired by Slava Shijima in martial arts.

—It has been thirty years since the death of Slava Shijima. She must have come to accept the undeniable truth.

The choice of revealing who I really am is not a viable option. After all, I myself had thought that it was unbelievable, and so the best option was to avoid causing trouble.

….Although I gave that much thought to it, truth be told, the ties that I had in my past life hold no significance in this life.

Though part of me does want to tell her who I was. Thinking about it, future events further down my path to become the strongest will most likely cause a lot of trouble.

For example if I was to participate in a martial art event and win, the news will spread, people will seek me out for many different reasons which will take away my time from training, just like back then, which I was fed up with.

Then if I tell Alma my identity now–thinking about it a little deeper, this child would most likely think that I'm a fake. Sure she held me in such high regards, maybe it had to do something with the words I left her with.

The final moments spent with her, she must have interpreted my words in some ways and spread the name of the Shijima on the fighting stage…. it must have been very challenging for her with a small body. The thought about it brings pain to my heart.

Perhaps in the future I will make my story known–that will be by the time when I'll be at the top of the martial realm. Only then will I be able to reveal who I am to Alma.

The feelings for my beloved child standing before my eyes cannot be shown, I intended to keep my identity a secret.

Alma, please forgive this selfish father. I've obtained a chance to start over. Thus, in this life, I must achieve the profound strength and be at the very top.

Yes, that's what I've decided to do. Whether it's right or wrong will depend on how I proceed forward.

There was no way she could figure out that I, her father, would appeared before her in the appearance of a boy so there was no need to be too cautious.

"Erm, well…nice to meet you?"

And so I used 'nice to meet you' because I couldn't think of anything else.

Then without the slightest of doubt, Alma smile at me, just what I had hoped for.

"Oh, nice to meet you, too. Are you a friend of Seria? What's your name?"

As expected, the question which I wished to avoid being asked was spoken.

My name is the same one as my previous one–actually, its one that was 'borrowed' from my previous life.

If I tell her my name, it might bring back bitter memories. Or perhaps she will find it pleasant for the name of her master to be passed around even after thirty years have passed since his death.

At any rate, I don't want to think too deeply about it. If possible I would

have given out an alias but it’s regrettable that Seria was also present.

“My name is Slava Marshall.

I heard that the reason my parents chose it was because of your shishou, Alma….sama.”



Consequently, because I was nervous, I spoke what I think I should.

After all, I've decided to keep my past identity hidden and since my name was asked for, I answered truthfully.

Still, addressing her like that caused me discomfort, but I'll bear with it

in order to keep my secret safe, even if it pains me.

"…I see, my Shishou's name…"

My daughter, how will you react? And the answer to my question, my fear, proved to be correct.

Her dignified and smiling face darkened a little looking over me. In her eyes, small amounts of tears started to form.

Even though it has been thirty years since… to think that her sadness still lingers. Although it might sound like a long time, but it is not the same for the elves, understandably.

When I, you master, passed away, just how long did it take for your grief to ease away–for her, Slava Shijima was also her father figure, and so there aren't many who could sympathise with her grief. Nevertheless, even after all that time, it seems that she still needed more time to completely overcome the sadness within her.

Seeing the tears from one's own daughter, the urge of revealing the truth surfaced as well–but I have to put faith in the path I've chosen.

Without excusing myself, I waited for Alma's returned words.

"It's a good name.

That name belonged to the most powerful martial artist in history, the greatest of them all. And so to prove yourself to be worthy of such name, will you grow up to be a good man?"

"Y, yes…."

Alma wiped her tears, and returned to her normal self.

….You’ve become strong, my daughter.

I, too, will not falter. I won’t stop until I reach the top.

But, I will get there much faster this time, I thought to myself.

The sooner the better since it means that I can tell her who I really am.

My desire to become stronger was strengthened because of this.

Although I said it with such resolve.

My goal is to become the strongest, the greatest, but I should never overestimate myself. My parents taught me such and didn’t forget to teach me that others’ evaluations of me is equally important. I’ll experience a lot of things in the near future… can’t help but feel slightly worried.

If I recall correctly, in my previous life, there were times when some created a religion with me as the center. I wasn’t sure how to cope with it back then and had to correct my style.

“By the way, Seria, Slava. Can you help me out a little? Which is the way to the principal’s office?”

Having recovered her posture, Alma crouch forward and looked into my face.

Come to think of it, I think she asked me something which I have yet to answer.

Fumu, the principal’s office huh?

Although I know where it’s located, it’s hard to give specific directions.

“Yes, but erm, well… let me show you the way. The layout of the academy is complicated, and so I don’t have the confidence to give you

directions.”

“Is that so? Then please lead the way.”

Since showing the way to the principal’s office is the most efficient way to avoid her getting lost, I put ‘The History of Martial Arts 13048’ inside my bag and stood up.

Alma accepted my offer and the color of joy appeared on her face.

“Yay, we’ll go together with Alma-sama~”

“Whoops, you’re so hyper Seria.”

Alma stood up, and Seria immediately jumped at her happily.

Just as swift as before, Alma caught Seria and carried her with one arm.

Even for a human girl in her 20s or so to catch the little girl(Seria), despite the fact that she doesn’t weigh very much, would have been challenging for her to do with only one arm. Alma, however, caught her and shrug it off like it was nothing.

Observing her closely, there was a strong and vigorous layer of magic power enveloping Alma’s body.

I see, she doesn’t seem to be lacking on her meditation.

To think that I would unexpectedly peek into my disciple’s growth, I nodded happily.

Although it was the nodding face of a twelve years old boy–it was fortunate that no one had become suspicious.

“Well well, since everyone is here, lets prepare to go to the auditorium.”

After I've finished guiding Alma, I made my way to the class slowly. When I arrived, the teacher, Finlay McGovern, told us what to do for today.

Looking around the class, teacher's expression remained calm. After a quick glance around, I noticed that most of the seats that were usually empty had boys sitting there today.

Fumu. That's remind me, there's supposed to be some kind of meeting today in the afternoon.

It wasn't something that interested me and so I ended up forgetting about it. At any rate, it was some minor thing and I shouldn't have forgotten about.

Today, children who recently turned twelve were gathered and were to be guided by the teacher.

Somehow, I was selected as the class's representative and I will be walking right behind teacher Finlay, in front of my classmates.

Anyhow, as the class's rep, I have to do my job and make sure that the other kids walk in a straight line and do not cause trouble.

"Teacher, everyone's present."

"Ah yes, thank you, Slava-kun. Shall we get going now? Alright everyone, come along."

After I finished checking off for absences today, I reported to the teacher that no one is missing.

After receiving my report, teacher took a final look down the row, and began to walk.

It was like we were a bunch of ducklings. When I began to follow, the rest of the class, twenty kids followed after. (T.L. Yes, time to get to your lovely working place, the Sweat Shop.)

Walking in single file, we were eventually merged together with other classes who were in the same age group, and steadily make our way to the academy's impressive auditorium.

It is very safe here due to divine protection magics. Even if the heaven was to fall, no one inside would be harmed, or so teacher told us, but in reality, no one knows if that's true.

In addition, there were many Elf sculptures here which were beautifully crafted.

When I was a human, I had the chance to visit this place but this time–I wondered if living as an elf affected my appreciations for the arts. Nothing to make a fuzz over, though I really do wonder.

When we were inside the auditorium, I took a seat in the area that our class was assigned to.

The auditorium had a very vast space that could hold several thousand people at once, in fact nearly half of it was already filled by the time we got here, and yet there were still plenty unoccupied seats.

So, I wonder what will be the topic of this assembly.

The principal was already standing on the stage doing some final checking.

The principal is an old elf that has grey hair and a white beard. There have been rumors that he had lived for a thousand years–for humans, he's basically a walking fossil.

If possible I wanted to get out of here as soon as possible. Who knows, I might just get to my goal that much faster.

"Ahh, ahem. Can everyone hear me clearly?"

On the stage, the principal's voice was projected to every corner of the

auditorium with the help of magic stones called “Speakers” which were installed on the stage itself.

While I was busy being jealous of his blessed life, it seem that the rest of the student body had finished gathering.

The afternoon assembly was about to begin.

“Ufufu, it seem everybody heard me. All of you behaved yourselves considerably I see. Then, do you prefer this principal’s long story first or would you rather I get to the main topic of this assembly?”

While stroking his long beard, the old elf cheerfully spoke.

Oh dear, there are a lot of random stories the principal has to offer. Roughly, I recalled one hundred years ago, when I visited the academy, the stories from him took forever to finish. Back in those days, I could not find a good reason to refuse talking to him… even now I won’t be able to either. He’s an old elf who sought to study, while I am but a fool pursuing only strength. I probably won’t be able to take away anything from the stories anyway.

The principal’s decision is resolute and always wise no matter what.

For the children of this age, the naughty and impulsive. They won’t be able to take much from his stories either.

“Fumu, well then, please join us.”

Glancing away from the students, he stepped to the left side of the stage.

Since the left and right of the stage were designed for speakers to enter and exit, and so from the right, someone is going to enter the stage.

Now, who will be the honor guest?

Just as I was trying to guess who it might be, that someone made their appearance.

Swaying long, blue hair matching with elegant steps…

Not too long ago I saw the exact thing at a closer distance, now it's just a little farther away!

….*You've have got to be joking*.

"Everyone, please welcome! Alma Shijima!"

"Thank you for the warm welcome.

….For those who don't know, I am Alma Shijima. Starting today, I will be instructing martial arts to all of you, here at the academy.

–Through the use of martial arts, I hope to strengthen your mind through your body. It will be ten short years but I'm looking forward to teaching all of you."

Immediately after, loud cheers started roaring in the auditorium.

'For those who don't know'—-surely you jest. There's probably no one here who wouldn't know who you are.

Even if someone thought she was joking, they wouldn't voice it.

….*Moreover, teaching martial arts, huh*.

….*Ten years, I wonder if I can hide my identity for that long*.

Under normal circumstances, it was already challenging to conceal my

identity, now this… I let out a long sigh.

Dendousha: Someone who goes around and promotes a type of teaching to others.

[Chapter 4]

-Martial Arts Class-

“Alrighty then, Slava, Sid, are you two ready?”

“Yes.”

“Yes!”

An early afternoon at the Arufareia academy.

It had been a few days since Alma came here to teach.

In the sturdily built auditorium, my classmate and I were facing each other.

It was for the newly established martial art class. As part of the lesson, we carried out practice match-ups.

Although I did question the choice of selecting the auditorium as the place for practice–but since they chose it, it can only mean that they have confidence in having nothing be broken by our activities.

Fumu. Even though it was for practice, I got to face off against someone whom I haven’t seen in a long time. The young boy’s name was Sid Oldham.

Many times he declared he would leave the Elf country to become an adventurer and make a name for himself. He was someone who harbored huge ambition.

He had short green hair, sharp eyes, and very aggressive looks.

I won't say that he behaved well everyday, but I did not dislike him.

"Hehe, I'm not going to lose to a loner who only reads books!"

He sure did lack many things. His foul mouth and sleeping during lessons were two of his bad points.

Both of us each had our own goal to strive for and we put all of our effort into realizing it, especially in martial art class. We were both happy and eager to get started.

Not to get ahead of myself by saying that but this practice match was meant to help us strengthen our bodies, and it will definitely help us get closer to our goals.

For better or worse, his desire was what true from the bottom of his heart.

"Okay! Remember what I just taught you, always keep your guard up

and fight fairly!

Get into your fighting stances!”

Do not strike with full power.

Aiming for vital organs is prohibited.

Stop attacking immediately if you feel that either of you is in danger.

These were the three rules Alma set in place to avoid accidents.

Though I’m not sure if the twelve-year-old could comprehend what the rules were, but if things were to get out of hand, Alma would instantly interfere.

If she has to, Alma will intervene. But if not, she will observe without disrupting the fight.

“Here I go, Slava!”

“Alright… Just give me your best shot.”

A troublemaker—but unexpectedly entertaining. I just love his personality.

I got into my stance. Although it was not nearly as solid as I wanted it to be, it was still a solid one.

I've practiced stances tens of thousands of times. Since Alma was teaching just now, I didn't think that it would be a big deal, thus I picked the Shijima style's most basic stance.

This stance was in fact the most well-rounded stance my great master, Iwao Shijima, thought out.

When I was studying under my great master, he taught me the forms of the Shijima martial arts which branched into numerous forms from this one stance. The stance I picked was essentially the most basic stance of all martial arts.

Taking this stance brings back a lot of memories within me. I really wished that I could meet my old friends again, and smiled.

As for Sid, he picked the same stance I did. However, since he could not grasp the full concept of the stance and was just copying my stance, he could not bring out its 'true form'.

It was the same with each of my disciples copying me. Those were pleasant memories. My playmate was someone who did not understand even a little bit of martial arts, thus this match up would prove to be beneficial to him if he learned something.

Well, Alma only gave the ready signal and never said start…

I waited for the starting signal, but Alma never did say it.

When I turned to her, about to ask questions, I saw her frozen still with her lower jaw dropped.

“Oi Sensei~ What’s the hold up? Can we start already?”

“Eh, ah, ah, excuse me. Both of you can get back into your positions again.”

It wasn’t just me who was wondering, Sid was equally puzzled as he asked. Alma’s posture returned to normal and she replied.

“That stance, it can’t be but… that was no less from being perfect?”

I got back into my stance while Sid… posture, full of mistakes in many ways, and Alma was mumbling about something on the side. Unfortunately I did not hear what she was mumbling about.

“Okay, both of you good to go?

—Begin!”

Worrying about it is useless now.

….Tsk tsk, my first opponent after so many years is a young lad. I

sounded secretly to myself.

Don't misunderstand me. It is only by observing a great martial arts master can the disciple grow. It is my utmost pleasure as a martial arts master to have the opportunity to give this young lad a chance to sprout. (T.L. Ha! Sid is a Sproutlet.)

"Hiiiyah!"

Sid quickly closed the distance by charging straight at me, which was a naive mistake. What was the point of trying so hard to stay in your stance just so you can drop it all at once? He had no guard whatsoever, but it didn't matter since he abandoned any kind of orthodox fighting stance.

–It's fine, it's fine. It isn't unusual for kids to be carefree.

Since I couldn't blame him for being simple-minded, I just let out a smile.

Even if he managed to hit me, he can't injure me if he's like this.

At the moment, I could probably take ten thousand of the punches he throws out, but Sid's physical endurance would give out long before that.

Even if I was just a mere martial artist, there was no doubt that I was the 'strongest' in my age group.

I moved my hand, caught Sid by the arm, and redirected the power in

his punch away from me.

There was some power to his punch, and an inkling of magic behind it. As my hand gripped his arm, I moved on to break his balance.

It was hardly a surprise attack on his part. He had sufficient power but the way he utilized it was shallow.

I swept his leg to take away his balance and then swung him over my shoulder. Since he roughly had the same build as me, my action caused him to flip over in mid-air.

Alma along with most of other kids were speechless. Someone was cheering and yelling something about a person flying in the air.

The idiotic Sid on the other hand wasn't afraid one bit. Suddenly being swung in the air probably didn't give him enough time to think of anything. (Este's splendid illustrations.)

This was the difference between martial arts and a brawl. After showing off my power, I stop the attack and instead tighten my grip to brake Sid's descent as gently as I could.

"Eh? What….did I—-just lose?"

"Hehe. Sid, didn't Alma-sama say that martial arts wasn't just about how much power you have but how you use it?"

While I was supporting his head to avoid head injury, Sid came to understand that he was on the ground, looking up. Looking at me, instead of feeling depressed, he just showed his usual arrogant expression and muttered.

“Unbelievable….as one would expect from an Oji-san!”

Meanwhile, some of the other kids were still cheering happily.

That was just the start of it as everyone was applauding me.

Although I treated them as noisy annoyances in the earlier years, the cheers coming from the little children was surprisingly heartwarming.

Suddenly, I felt that it was entirely correct.

When I called them little children, am I not in the same age as them?

I let out a sigh when I realized my mistake.

Right after that, I froze.

….Uuh?

Hang on a second, what did I just do?

If I’m not mistaken, I swung Sid over my shoulder.

I recalled my actions one by one.

Redirecting Sid's punch and sweeping his foot—

As soon I finished comprehending what just happened, my face turned pale.

….I'm such an idiot!

My original plan was like this: avoid getting hit and then wait for an opportunity to trip Sid over. (T.L. Mission accomplished -_-)

But that wasn't what had happened.

I went ahead and used the technique called 'Tree Leaf Throw' from the Shijima martial arts.

The idea is that the opponent was similar to the weightlessness of a tree's leaves. Using what's called as the centripetal force of the opponent added with your own power, you can slam the opponent's head onto the ground. This was the basic and essential concept that every Shijima technique applied.

My body felt as if it was frozen solid. After a few awkward moments, I turned my head and looked at Alma.

"Slava….the technique you just used, where…?

No, it doesn’t matter where you learned it.

At your age, how were you able to perform it to such a degree—?”

….I’ve done it now.

What a fool I was. Even though I told myself to be careful, my eager self just came bursting out.

There were thousands of other ways I could have done it, but I just couldn’t help but do what I did — here of all places.

I did what my great master taught me. This technique was meant to be absorbed into the body so that using it was as natural as breathing and vice versa*. (TL: breathe = using martial art).

It had certainly become as natural as breathing for me. Doing something so stupid instinctively, I really wanted to knock myself in the head.

I refrained from doing so, however.

It was no other than Slava Shijima, whom Alma was most familiar with, using the technique.

It was difficult to keep a straight face but I just need to get through somehow.

“Ahh, erm….my…father practice the Shijima style and….erm….

Most of the concept of ‘Tree Leaf Throw’ was taught to me since I was little….

If, if it was something a beginner at martial arts wasn’t supposed to know for this lesson, I’ll reflect on it….”

Darn, did I say too much?

I think it came out smoothly. All I did was making it ‘seems’ like I made a mistake and that I would reflect on it. (T.L. Nope, he lied.)

It was fortunate that no one from my village was present. My childhood friend wasn’t here also because that kid was two years older than me, I’m the sole person from the village in this class.

It was downright a lie telling her my father did Shijima martial arts, but I needed to make it sound like I was a disciple of someone experienced with the Shijima style—-and I figured that since Shijima martial arts had been made common throughout the world, I could just….

….Well, I’ll try my best to talk my way out of Alma’s questions.

“Taught since an early age….you say?

….how old were you when you started?”

“I started when I was five. But except for being taught its concept, the technique itself was never demonstrated to me.”

“So you’re saying that you perfected it on your own…?”

“Ye, yes….”

….Oh dear, I think my acting skill had become quite splendid. I praised myself a little.

What I was trying to get at was that ‘children are able to learn martial arts through some form of discipline.’

“Hah, I’ll instruct you more from now on. As for your previous display of skill….my my, I’m impressed. This is just a normal practice so no harm done.

As for your opponent, considering that you executed your technique brilliantly, there was nothing he could have done. Don’t stop what you’re doing and keep working hard from now on.”

“In that case….”

“Ah yes, performed a flawless ‘Tree Leaf Throw.’ You’re really something.

Alma was smiling and spoke awkwardly.

….Haaa, I avoided it, somehow.

Let this serve as a lesson to remind me to be more careful from now on.

But really, I have to find a way to adjust and hold myself back. It seems that the path to my goal has yet another obstacle. Nevertheless, I shouldn’t bring up the cover unless absolutely necessary.

I was just relieved that this crisis was over.

As Sid was finally getting a hold of himself, Alma told us to step down from the stage.

He and I gave each other a bow before stepping down. Once we did, Alma signaled the next pair to go up.

Haaa, that was really close. I have to be super careful when using martial art skills in front of that child.

I wiped my sweat thinking about the potential disaster that could happen in martial arts class.

Then, Sid, who was covered in sweat, made his way over and sat down next to me.

“Hey, I was wondering if….”

His eyes were looking down, almost as if talking to me was talking to a senior(senpai).

Although I stopped my technique just before he hit the floor, Shijima techniques were very intimidating. Holding fear after tasting one such technique wasn't so uncommon.

"Slava, you're incredible. What did you do to become so strong?"

The look on his face was the complete opposite to his normal self, it was so respectful that I did not expect it at all.

Fumu, what did I do to become strong, he asks.

Well I learned from memories, was what I wanted to tell him but—-even if I tell him, he was missing something more important.

"It's simple, devote myself to train diligently everyday.

It may take a long time but with enough perseverance, you will be able to come to where I'm standing sooner or later, Sid."

"Diligent….? Yes! I'll start working hard everyday from now on!

Yosh, I will definitely beat you one day! Hehe. Just you wait!"

After all that happened, he was still burning with confidence. This must be youth.

Of course, being a youth myself, I let out a smile.

–Elven school, Mirafia National and General Academy Arufareia.

In the academy where elven children from all corners of the country gathered, the room where only adults were present—-the faculty office, a peerless beauty was sitting at her desk letting out a groan as she investigates. (T.L. Oh shit?)

She was 106 years old, in spite of that, her body was that of a young elf. It was none other than the legendary martial artist who's name was a legend — Alma Shijima.

In order to find suitable candidates, boys or girls, to succeed the Shijima name, she put great amounts of effort into nurturing the young one's potentials.

Every ten years, she would travel from school to school, and at the beginning of the next ten years interval, she had found a suitable young lad but was feeling anxious.

The list of everyone's names was on her desk, and she opened the first page of Slava Marshall's documents. The boy's first name on it was the same as her master.

"...I don't know how to take this. His look's are basically identical to

master's."

Master's race was human, yet this boy, who's an elf, has too much resemblance to my deceased master.

Beside the racial differences, lots of resemblance could be seen from this boy, Slava Marshall's: eyes, nose, ears, and even physique.

He's a polite boy was Alma's first impression of Slava. But now that she had finished her first class with him, her impression of the boy had changed.

"He really resembles master but there's no way that that's him.....why am I over thinking this?"

Alma already had the answer to her question but for some reason, she was not fully convinced.

The flawless execution of "tree leaf throw,' a skill that only mastery of the style could pull off. And that Shijima stance, everything was natural for him. He gave out the impression of master Slava.

"So many strange coincidences at once....Master, won't you show me guidance-desu?"

Alma spoke out toward her master who was in heaven. But, an answer never returned.

However, she was determined on one thing.

There were lots of disciples. The number of talented probably numbered the stars.

However, to pass on the skills and convey her feeling for her most beloved, only one person shall receive it.

At last….I finally found the one.

Her determination blazed in her eyes. In the world where it had lost its colour, the colour now had reappeared.

“Master….I, I’ve finally found someone worthy of entrusting the future of Shijima’s masteries to-desu.”

Toward the heavens, Alma once again spoke.

Except that her master, who was supposed to be in heaven, was in fact the young boy, was without her knowledge.

As for the boy whose regards were sent towards, he sneezed and moved on with his activities at that time.

Translator Changed to

https://raltzero.wordpress.com/light-novels-2/

Chapter 5 - The Old Man's Morning

A martial artist always wakes up early.

While the sky was still dark, I cracked open an eyelid slowly.

Looking at the clock, which is equipped to the dorm room, I check the time.

….Four-thirty in the morning. Umu, the time I wake up hasn't changed.

Waking up this early was a habit from my previous life. After waking up, I would first exercise.

Only today could I practice, due to the fact that today was one of the two free days in the school week.

My classmate who slept on the top bunk —— Eric Paris Star—— was a friendly boy with freckles. So as not to wake him up, I got off the bed without making a sound.

On the opposite side of the bunks was a closet for storing clothes. On the top were clothes for everyday use. There were also hooded robes inside, robes that you had to wear in order to practice magic at the Academy.

This childish robe was woven so that you had room to grow into it, but unexpectedly, it also helped in training (Magic?). Though it was better

left unsaid, the hooded robe was also good for disguising your identity.

Even though it had this feature, I was thinking of not using it. However, when I thought about how awkward it would be if I were spotted in the crowd without the robe, I decided that having the robe would be more safe. Also, if I were to wear the robe, I would be seen as an aspiring mage (magic student?). There would be no way for anyone to think that I was a martial artist.

——Either way, I still needed permission to leave the school, so I didn't need to wear the hood when leaving the school.

When I removed the hood in front of the mirror, which was equipped on the inside of the closet door, I saw a person who didn't seem to be a mage (magic student?) in any way.

Fumu, this is my twelve year old body—— eh, I'm still not accustomed to this.

Unexpectedly, I retained my coppery hair even in this life.

My eyes were a dark emerald at the current time*. My facial features were said to have been this way from my childhood(?)——but, I think it seems more similar to those of my father.(* note: Probs referring to the time right now -> 4:30 AM)

Even if you were to live harmoniously side by side, it would be expected that your race wouldn't have a future if you didn't have children.

——Nevertheless, when one looked into my eyes, they would find it to be strangely sharp. Though it was probably due the years from my past life, when I had been very aggressive.

Yet——it was said that elves separated themselves from other races because of the fact that they were good-looking and that they themselves knew this. Because I had not really thought about it too much, a certain evaluation of myself sprung out. (TL note: I think he's saying he's not good-looking)

……Feeling unexpectedly handsome, I felt a little admiration for my own reflection. Reflected in the mirror, besides my eyes, was a pretty boy, as well as my own wry smile while thinking this.

Come to think of it, how long has it been since I've looked at myself in the mirror?

In my previous life, there was also a large mirror in the dojo. However, it was unpleasant if you liked that kind of confirmation, and it got in your way. (TL note: I think he means by the light reflecting off the mirror)

It was also my fault at not checking it out myself due to having little interest in my appearance. Perhaps it was because of this that I still didn't believe that this was my face.

——Fumu. I guess I better shave/groom myself after my beard grows.

I think some hair is okay, such as hair that could be shaved casually and didn't get in the way.

Well, it'll be long before I start doing that. Thinking of this cliche, I remembered what I had vowed to a certain person while leaving the room.

During this time, while the sun still wasn't up, the hallway of the dormitory was silent.

It was certain that not even one percent of the dormitory had woken up. While breathing in the cool morning air, I left the dormitory. (TL note: Finally…)

When you went out, there was a pleasant scent of morning dew. It would be exaggerated to say that one would get up early just because of this.

「Oh, Slava Marshall. It's quite respectable that you're up early today.」

Called out the voice of a plump guard when I had reached the school gate.

I go out every day whenever it becomes a holiday, so it has become a routine to see me go outside.

As usual, I will have to get issued a permit so that I could go outside, so I put smile on my face.

「I can do whatever I want as long as I don't break the rules right? Can I

get my usual permit?」

「…Yeah, certainly. Though bocchan is trustworthy, I have to say this because it's part of the regulations. Be sure to be back by curfew to avoid dangerous things, okay?」(TL note: You all should know that 'bocchan' means boy by this point)

Returning my greeting with a kindly laugh, I started preparing for my exercise.

When doing an intense workout, preparations are necessary.

——Seems like this is going to be intense. (TL note: Didn't know how to make this make sense from JP to Eng)

I noticed that a corner of my mouth had curved up without me knowing.

Moving my body without restraint on a holiday, huh? (TL note: Original line was " 思う存分体を動かせるとは、休日とはなんと素晴らしき日か。" but this sounds better in context when converted to English | Comment if you have a better TL)

While suppressing these feelings that had been delaying my exercise, I silently finished my preparations.

I started running through the road that was surrounded by trees while increasing my speed gradually.

By the time my speed had reached the speed of a horse, I was already far away enough to not be seen by the guard.

Now I have to suffer the act of wearing this hood. A boy who was hurtling at speeds faster than a horse would obviously attract some attention——however, even if I was being chased, it would be no problem, unless my face was seen.

……My endgoal was one of my childish fantasies come true, a secret base.

Finally, I reached the point where I could decrease my speed, and I leaked out a small laugh.

It had taken around 30 minutes of running to reach my desired location.

My secret base was inside the Academy's forest, which was pristine due to the fact that it was far from the school.

The altitude of my base was about 2,000 Mrytle. It was also guarded by the part of the forest that was rarely tread into due to the fact that it was deep inside the forest. (TL note: I don't know what Mrytle is, but let's think of it as 1 Mrytle = 1 Meter)

——Basically, it's on a mountain.

It was visible to the Academy, but people rarely came here. The

mountains' name was "The Sacred Arubaku Peaks". (TL note: Sorry, I got something like "Mt. Arubaku Mt." so I switched it up a little)

On the top of the mountain, which was surrounded by woods, ferocious monsters that had adapted to the cold dominate the place. Most people who came here usually left before staying too long.

Since there were less people here for a variety of reasons, it was natural that I could practice my Shijima style without restraint. Ah, it was like a free luxury training field.

It was worth my time to come here on holidays, as it was only a 1 hour round trip.

Having reached the top of the mountain, the place I usually train at, I looked at the Academy from the top of the mountain.

In the current season, by the time when I had gotten to the top of the mountain, the sun would be rising.

While I was watching the sun rise, I muttered:

「If only this mountain were a little farther away, but then again, it would also serve to be a dent in my training.」

Although it would have been more complex, sweating for thirty minutes was enough in this time of year.

The reason it would have been more complex was due to the fact that tree roots would suddenly appear and could only be passed with footwork and reaction speed. If you used magic to avoid these roots, you would only end up as a failure when you ran out of mana.

That said, if the location of the training was any more farther than necessary, I would lose more precious time training my fighting style.

Good luck did come unexpectedly though. As I was thinking about the inconveniences of my current body, I put down my luggage.

「Well then, I guess I'll start with Zen training.」

With an empty stomach, I breathed in a chestful of the cool and clean morning air, which had been nurtured by the untouched forest, and crossed my legs in meditation on slightly damp grass.

……A serene wind shook the leaves of plants, and good air was generated by this unspoiled piece of nature.

This was one of the living conditions that the spirits who lived on mountains preferred. The farther away the mountain from human society, the better. They also preferred a luxurious training environment as well as living near elves. This one couldn't help but feel jealous from the amount of attention that the elves were getting.

Anyway, it was likely that my Zen training would advance today. While correcting my feelings and the corner of my mouth that had distorted in joy, I concentrated my mind.

——I immersed myself in nature. The spirits in the mountains, which were residing in the woods, gave off a feeling of cool blue. (TL note: Changed the ‘who were residing’ to ‘which were residing’ due to ambiguous identity.)

While I was absorbing the high quality of magic from the spirits, I thought about the rare entering of human spirits that were even higher in quality.

The mana of nature was currently accumulating in my body. The high quality mana that I was absorbing was just the tip of the iceberg, and made me want to stay in Zen forever.

「(——Mu? The spirits are noisy.)」

While I was in my state of Zen, the spirits had started acting up as if they were terrified of something.

This fluctuation had ruined my state of Zen so I searched using my senses——

Apparently, there seemed to be customers.

Just as something produced a slight rustling sound in the vicinity, I slowly stood up.

At the same time, the spirits, which had surrounded me during my state

of Zen, scattered away. Although it was a little earlier than I had expected, I might as well.

It was an exceptionally fine visitor, contrary to what I had thought.

In this mountain, a ferocious monster feared nothing, not even bloodthirst——it would even hunt it's own kind and be proud of it!

What was unexpected was that they could gauge their opponent's competence. They had overwhelming confidence in chasing escaped prey as well. Ah, these facts were part of the reason why people didn't usually come here.

「A Xenobea, huh?」

Slowly, from the rocky shade, a creature with a huge stature covered in fur emerged.

That being said, this was from the view of elves, humans, and humanoid creatures, but even so, it was still impressive to have a stature of 3 Myrtle.

……No, the scale wasn't a big problem. What was noteworthy about it was its muscle density.

The muscles of this beast were like iron sand and they swelled up until they were bursting.

If the beast were to flex a little, the muscles would probably pop.

The beast, Xenobea, was of the bear kind. Its fighting spirit was strong, and so was its appetite. However, what people feared the most was its skeletal frame.

With the muscles I had described previously, it had the ability to tear a warrior that had magical power enhancements and armor, into two.

In addition to the high density of muscle, its fur was wire-like and could repel a two-handed heavy sword.

A Xenobea could live anywhere and its population was small, so it usually didn't attack human towns.

However, when it did, it's like a natural disaster. Even if you yielded most of your crop to the beast, it wouldn't「Stop」and proceed to eat people. Due to this, vigilante corps were dispatched in every village and the adventurer guild would send out a quest for extermination. Sometimes, even the kingdom's soldiers were dispatched to kill the beast.

——No way, what is such a big shot doing in a place like this.

Raising a growl that seemed to resound deep inside the ground, the Xenobea slowly approached me on all fours.

In his 'steps' was the pride of being at the top of the mountain ecosystem, thus making me wryly smile.

I released the magic that I had been suppressing everyday and an indescribable feeling washed over me, similar to how you can hear your heart pump blood if you focus.

I got into my fighting stance and in addition, lowered my hips and closed my hand in order to put emphasis on impact.

Well, whatever.

Let's attribute this to my good luck. After all, it wasn't every day that you could chance upon a big shot like a Xenobea.

——Emergency. My words, that didn't get through the dumb beast, got through by the means of my killing intent.

The most primitive way to tell if someone was an enemy or not was through killing intent. The Xenobea, being a beast, of course felt the intense killing intent and was rushing up here as fast as possible while destroying the ground.

It was difficult to associate the high speed, which the Xenobea was going at, with its huge stature.

However, it was true, to be honest.

It didn't know how to be clever because it was「Straightforward」. If this tactic was to be used against another wild beast, it would have probably won. However, if you included the various elements when fighting me——

We, who have devoted ourselves to「Martial Arts」in order to gain strength, are martial artists. (TL: No sh*t Sherlock -> Fixed with jorgelotr's comment)

Pure violence was easy to understand, thus it wouldn't take long to defeat him.

My body had firmly met with the eyes of the Xenobea. Since my body looked like a shell, the Xenobea tried to mow me down while I use a flat hand.

My aim was his eyes. I never go「Soft(Easy)」whenever I aim for this place.

Simply put, I just wanted to take away his view.

While I was escaping from being mowed down, I aimed my hands towards the Xenobea's pupils like this '—". (TL note: Hope it means palm down)

Because my martial arts were tempered by my years of training, my hand had the same purpose as a blade. If a master were to use a mighty magical power to reinforce it, it would be as if he/she were using a famous blade. (TL note: Such as Muramasa's 'evil sword', amirite)

As a result, screaming as though if it was the end of the world, echoed through the mountain.

The eyes were now pieces of dead flesh due to being pierced by his hand. Birds that were nearby immediately flew away and beasts also ran away in terror.

In a matter of just seconds, only the Xenobea and I were left, with the sound of mad roaring due to the pain I inflicted on him by stabbing his eyes.

Once you destroy eyesight, the enemy would thrash around for a while, like an idiot.

Having a little fun is okay, is what I thought in a little sadistic manner as I watched the thrashing Xenobea.

——Then I raised my fist and punched the Xenobea. In my previous life, during the time I was young, I used to pull off more complex moves to defeat someone….but I've realized that a simple punch can also defeat an opponent.

This was because in nature, absolute rulers took pride in being able to take a few punches, thus creating their ego. If a beast could read what couldn't be「Seen」, it wouldn't be inferior to any beast, the only exception being the「Mountain King」due to its superior power. I sighed.

「……Want me to give you some mercy?」

While sighing and thinking that the Xenobea was more「Wild」compared to the previous monsters, as well as being more satisfying, I stepped towards the Xenobea. (TL note: Original says something like

delicious so I assume that the author meant that the Zenobea was a more ‘satisfying’ opponent)

While avoiding the floundering of the enraged bear, I slipped into a crack in his defence and hit him palm bottom. (TL note: For those who don’t know what palm bottom is, google ‘Palm Bottom’ and check out the Naruto site that comes up)

I withdrew the palm, added magic into my hand, and struck him at the same place palm bottom.

It was as if the Xenobea was a balloon made out of paper; he flew up and then started bleeding from his orifices. The reason for this was because I had struck him with my magic, disrupting his body functions and then it burst from inside of him.

It’s been a while since I killed a 「Strong」creature——surprisingly, no emotions pop out of my chest.

I jumped back to avoid getting blood from the orifices of the Xenobea onto my clothes, and I sighed.

It was an idle killing. Well, it doesn’t matter what I get to fight, as long as I get more experience with this body.

Moreover, it challenged me with killing intent. Even if it was an animal on the extinction list or on the side of the law, I would still kill it.

「I don’t feel anything from this either, huh…」

I put my hand onto the nape of the Xenobea and dragged its nonspeaking corpse.

Despite being a ferocious animal, I was still the one who killed it in the end. If I did not remove the corpse of opponent away, I would feel guilty because I had been taught to clean up my own messes by my old master.

If it's something this big, it'll be time-consuming…perhaps I'll「Get out」on the day after tomorrow.

Due to the decreased amount of animals challenging me, I was pleased that a pretty strong create challenged me….

I have become rather troublesome.

While dragging a mass of 1,000 kilos, I make my way towards the waterfall to tan the skin of the Xenobea.

…..I guess this can be counted as 'work using physical force'. Even something this small can help in the way of bodybuilding, after all.

If this meat is left alone, the animals nearby will eat it.

While lamenting that I couldn't train anymore today, I used physical strengthening magic to help me dismantle the bear.

…..I had thought it didn't matter, but being an elf wasn't that bad. I

thought I was pretty good looking…and this was the only time I thought this.

I took out deodorant from the bag which I had prepared in order to train. Although it was used to get rid of the smell of sweat, I knew that it could also be used in order to erase traces of smells of blood.

I did the same thing a few weeks ago, but the smell of it from then…no, the important thing is that I try.

By the way, the cost for the deodorants and my training tools were obviously too expensive for me to buy, so I sell the skin or nail of the ferocious beast whom I defeat.

However, this time I fought a ferocious beast that even soldiers and adventurers have trouble against——and thus my day went by.

Though it was popular for young martial artists to take an animal as a foe, good grief. I only killed animals in order to kill off my boredom and keep myself sharp. (TL note: Cuz you don't want to be dull c^:)

When I thought about my previous life, I realized how much time I spent doing meaningless things. I guess I'll work harder to hone my 「Martial Arts」.

However——even a ferocious beast of this level isn't even enough to make me fully satisfied. I wonder when I'll fight a truly strong opponent…

Chapter 6 - Destiny Creates Strange Coincidences To My Previous Life

Food. It's one of the essential things for a living being to have in order to stay alive.

It doesn't matter what gender, age, or race. No organism can survive without food.

A teacher once said that only plants are the exception, being the only thing to live off of light and water, but I laughed when I heard that——people could say outrageous things.

Anyway, this is one of the vital actions that an organism must do, or else it isn't a organism.

After living off my life as a human and being reborn as an elf, I am still no exception to this action.

Here, at Arufareia Academy, we get meals three times a day; one in the morning, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening.

When I was a human, I only ate two meals a day. Seeing this kind of difference brings a sort of nostalgia——such a cultural difference.

That aside, it was that time of day again.

So. It's time for lunch.

In the classroom I was currently learning at, there was a slight merry mood, totally unlike a few moments before.

The sounds of happy children resounded in the classroom.

It was as if all the satiety that they had gotten from breakfast was a lie; they all looked happy as though they were at a festival.

I was jealous of the children who could get into such moods. Although my body was young, my mind was that of an old man, and it wasn't my style to get into such a mood off of food.

My only purpose for living was for one reason; to wear my life down until it disappeared. This was my way of living.

.....So I say, but.

「Slava-kun, want to eat together?」(Seria)

「Oh, it's Seria! Slava~ I also want to eat together~」(Shido)

Said the young girl and boy, respectively. Eating together with an honest friend or two wasn't that bad.

Shido and Seria both walked over, lunch trays being held by both hands, and sat down on the same table as I.

….It used to be just Seria and I eating lunch together, but before I knew it, Shido was also eating lunch together with us.

Master always said that if one were to eat, they should eat good food with good friends. Now I understand. As the three people conversed, a small smile appeared on their mouths.

「Oh, then let's eat together.」

As soon as I said that, the two moved vacant desks and connected it to my desk, and sat down.

The owners of the seats seem to be friends of these two. One of the owners was sitting in Shido's seat.

Well then, let's start eating.

…..

As we were eating, Seria asked questions about what we had learned today in class.

On the other hand, Shido asked questions pertaining to Martial Arts class, most of them being questions about how to fix his stance and movements.

These questions, to a「Martial Arts」master like me, were just like child's

play. Thankfully, these questions were fairly simple and wouldn't arouse one's suspicion if I answered them.

Shido always asked me these kind of questions, and in turn, I answered them by giving him「Advice」. Before we knew it, we were already close friends.

Thus, I started thinking that eating together during lunchtime was just an excuse to get some pointers and tips from me.

Eating was very slow process, and I thought to myself, "If I had a grandchild, would it become something like this?"

I had used to think that school only existed to restrain the present me——however, it's very fun.

I cut my salted pork into pieces with my knife and stabbed the pieces with my fork.

I wasn't in a hurry, so I slowly chewed the salted pork after putting it into my mouth.

「It's gotten slightly better?」

That moment.

While we were enjoying our meal, a voice spoke out.

——Damn, we thought. Though it wasn't the appropriate phrase.

Honestly, I wanted to enjoy my meal, but.

Behind Shido, who has an emerald hair color, was a girl with glossy black hair.

「I would also like to sit down to eat together, may I?」

The object of adoration for all elves.

The legendary martial artist, Alma Shijima, directed a smiling countenance towards me.

「It's Alma-sama! Ah, of course!」

「You're very good at teaching; you should teach the technique instead!」

I readily gave consent because Seria and Shido were making sparkling eyes.

It was the embodiment of a「Martial Artist」asking for a seat, a figure that Shido admired. I didn't have any complaints.

….For me, it felt like my daughter was asking me to eat together. I can usually refuse none of her requests——

It was my daughter's eyes, which looked as if they were hunting prey, that had worried me.

Somehow, I have a bad feeling about this. Contrary to my feelings, I shook my head in order to get rid of this feeling.

「Slava, what's wrong? Are you uncomfortable with me here?」

Alma laughs as if she had detected a sign of restlessness in me. I chewed the pork I had in my mouth and swallowed it.

.....Alma's gentle laugh. When combined with a smile and her peerless beauty, it could also be said to be bewitching.

However, this was why I was feeling a sense of impending crisis. Though it was a smile that a million people would worship, to me, it was my daughter's smile that would create some kind of trouble.

Calm down? How could one calm down when they were facing the smile of a hunter hunting prey?

However, I still can't decline the invitation to teach. With Seria's hopeful gaze and Shido's「Don't do anything unnecessary」expression, I could not decline the request even if I wanted to. Moreover, it was my own daughter's request.

「No, there isn't such a thing. Please sit down.」

「Is that so….~tsu! I'll gladly sit down~」

In the end, I accepted the request.

Alma laughs happily when she gets my permission. It was the same when she was a small child; she always laughed happily whenever she got my permission.

Alma moves to the vacant desk. To fit four people, Shido moved over a bit and created enough space for Alma to sit.

It should be noted that Alma probably didn't think she would be rejected. After all, her food was already at the space with vacancy.

「Well then, I'll start eating too.」

Alma, who was sitting on a small chair, behaved herself and cut the meat into smaller pieces before carrying it to her mouth.

….This is nostalgic. I used to eat meals with her the same way in my past life.

Noticing that I had recalled the scenes of how I used to have meals with her, I suddenly put on an amused expression for a second.

「Nnn? Is there something on my face?」

However, such an expression was seen by my daughter.

I didn't feel much anger from her tone, as she had on a gentle smile. It was just a teasing tone.

「Ah, no. There isn't anything.」

「Is that so? Then it's all okay.」

Oops, I was too busy thinking about my previous life. Thank god Alma didn't catch anything. Since she's an elf, she has a long life, so she could've realized that I was reincarnated.

Any further, and I really would have been exposed. I really have to stop doing these suspicious actions. I braced myself to do some small talk in order not to arouse suspicion.

While we were making small talk, I found out that the ingredients actually didn't cost much. This cooks' arm is pretty good. While talking about this topic, lunchtime goes by.

Shido, Seria, and I. We finished our meals in this order, and what was left was Alma's small bread.

In the middle of our small talk, Alma stuffed the bit of bread into her mouth, and the meal was finished.

I glanced at the clock——which had a bird fly out every few hours——and glanced at it. There was too much time in lunchtime.

…..That said, it was like this every day; meal times always took up more time than time spent learning. We always devoted the rest of the time to chatting.

However, it's a little different today.

「Tasty~na, the meal, that is.」

There was some tension remaining, most likely due to Alma's appearance. Because Seria and Shido were less talkative today (due to Alma's appearance), I heard the sigh that Alma let out.

「Now then ~to. Now that I've finished my meal——」

Alma's eyes piercing gaze turned towards me.

I had guessed as much, but to do it now. Though I had already noticed it before she had sat down, her attitude had completely disappeared during the meal——or so I thought.

Alma wipes her mouth with a piece of cloth, though her mouth wasn't all that dirty, and put it down.

Then, Alma put her face close to mine——close enough that I thought they would touch.

「Hey, Slava」

「….You're too close, sensei.」

I try to escape by saying those words.

Alma put her hands on my shoulder, and then pulled her face a little closer; a little too close.

I can't escape. I give up on giving an appropriate excuse to leave, and stand in place.

Shido and Seria both look confused, as they don't know what is going on. Eh, you can only rely on yourself in situations like this, after all.

After a short while——that seemed like a long time compressed into a small amount of time——Alma's eye color changed.

Could it be that she has already figured out my identity? While preparing for something like this, what Alma said was——

「I strive in order to find a suitable candidate for the Shijima style——would you like to become a successor?」

「……Mu?」

「I know this is sudden and all, but you have talent! Could it be that you don't want to succeed the name of Slava of the Shijima style──the strongest in the world!?」

Would you like to become a disciple? It was that sort of thing.

There was one criteria that a disciple had to fulfill if they wanted to be invited; they had to have talent.

The people around me reacted quite strongly. What is this…maybe this is how I'm supposed to react.

「A-Awesome! Alma-sensei gave you a direct invitation! As expected of Slava!」

「Slava-kun, this is an amazing thing!」

Cried out Shido and Seria in loud voices.

When the people in the classroom heard these cries, all the eyes gathered unto Alma and I.

These eyes, without exception, showed admiration and excitement. It didn't matter if they were teachers or children.

To get an invitation from the「Strongest Martial Artist」(Elf), it was expected that the recipient would be talented, and there should be no reason to refuse this invitation.

However, it's different for me.

The girl before my eyes was certainly a legendary「Martial Artist」, however, there was always someone higher ranked. The 'someone' higher ranked than this girl, who had her name engraved in history books, was I.

This was why I couldn't be her disciple. After all, I am her master——though she doesn't know it.

The thing about me being a disciple, I hadn't even registered it. If it were any other type of discipleship/apprenticeship, I may have considered it, but there is no 'discipleship' for the Shijima style. (TL note: Basically, he's trying to say that if you do it, you do it for life.)

「Oh, I decline it.」

「Why!? It's a pity that such a shining gemstone like you will be buried. Honestly speaking, you have way more talent than I do!」

Of course I did. It would even be understandable if I surpassed a teacher in「Martial Arts」tomorrow if I tried. This was because I had already surpassed Alma a long time ago in terms of「Martial Arts」.

Since this was a chance for Alma to further her footwork, a slight disturbance in magical power in the air was felt.

Nevertheless, I was aspiring to be the best at all times——so, such a

thought as ‘I don’t want to unless it’s a strong opponent’ came to my mind.

F-for the time being, I have to get through this problem.

The method of delaying the problem was a good idea, however, it didn’t work in this situation. Therefore, I must make countermeasures.

「Or does Slava have a dream?

….If that’s the case, I can’t force it──Sorry, I should have listened to your story first.」

Fortunately, Alma, of her own accord, has shown me a way to escape.

The rope that Alma has dropped might be a trap, but for now, I can only use this to get out of the situation.

Think. Think about the best way to get out of this. (TL: Sorry, original line is ‘ 考えろ、この場を切り抜ける最上の一手を。’, but don’t you agree that it makes more sense in English this way?)

「So! Scholar. That is, I want to become a scholar──」

…..Is the answer I managed to squeeze out. However, the thought of「Wrong」came from within me.

Though, I had been reading books, but they were「Martial Arts」books from another school, and its use was only to know the prices of the skin of monsters that I had been hunting.

I had a feeling that everyone in the classroom had a「That doesn't sound right」feeling.

「.....Despite only reading books about「Martial Arts」only?」

Apparently my actions had already been seen by Alma——I wonder when I had been observed. (TL note: Friggin idiot, that was like in Ch 4 when you were talking with that person)

Anyway, now this place is——

「I-I have plans to go to the library during lunch time, see you later!」

Let's try escaping. Though it might be useless.

I, whose lies had been seen through, tried to escape.

If this was a「Martial Arts」competition, no matter what, I wouldn't have shown my back to the opponent. However, it wasn't, so I happily escaped.

Alma's voice could be heard behind me. My daughter hadn't run after me because she had to fulfill her duty as a temporary teacher. Of course, my destination wasn't the library.

「Waa! I won’t give up on you Slava!」

It was this moment that a battle of my disciple who wanted me to become a disciple, began.

Chapter 7 - Strange Coincidences from my Previous Life Become Even More Entangled

「.....I have been so bored recently」

In a room lit up by the red light of the setting sun, an old man was stroking his beard.

Sitting on a soft chair, the old man's bad manners could be seen, as his legs were crossed and his feet were dirtying the chair in this process.

Perhaps tired of stroking his beard, the old man, moving his hand away, languidly stretched it towards the top of the desk.

Extending his hands to reach the tea, which had been cooled down, he grasped it and brought it to his mouth slowly.

The tea leaves used in this tea could be said to be of the highest grade. However, as it had cooled down, its flavor had thinned badly.

The old man, who had elf ears, put down the tea with a sigh.

His hand, which had nothing to do again, started stroking his beard. The beard was a little moist due to the tea.

「——Slava's death, has it already been 30 years?.....It's been long, far too long.」

The old man reached into rough clothes, which didn't suit the room, and pulled out a crumpled photograph.

In there. This man, and a man who looked older than him——Slava Shijima—— were in the photograph.

「——Foolish idiot. This is why human are so hopeless.」

The old man fixed the picture and placed it into his breast pocket, as it had almost been crushed.

His upper body, which had been raised in the process, looked pretty good for his age. He proceeded to throw his body onto his chair once more and it screamed in protest to his weight, though he was only an old man.

The name of this old man was Chester Prime.

He was the creator of the Primo Style「Martial Arts」——it was also a「Martial Art」that carved its name onto history's books. (TL: From now on, his Martial Arts shall be dubbed 1st…joking)

Extreme Elves, Extreme Humans. Those who belong to that section…are those who never get their names written into history books. (TL: Because Alma is in history books and Slava is just the name who was her master.)

If Alma Shijima was the one who represented the current「Martial Arts」

generation, then Chester could be said to be of the older「Martial Arts」generation.

——Once, Slava Shijima had an equal. It is this man, Chester.

A battle of money, authority and life that cannot be written down in history books. It's a story of more than fifty years ago already, but the one at the top of the world not recorded in history——that is, the underworld——was this man.

Though this man was born into a family of Elves, he hurriedly worked out to reach the peak.

After continuously beating people over and over, he was soon at the top. Way too soon.

Inevitably, he met Slava Shijima.

「Damn it. I want to meet and fight that guy again.」

He gripped the handle of the chair tightly. The room where the chair was in was filled with high-quality furniture everywhere you looked——reflected in everything was emptiness.

Though I wanted this and fought for it, there's nothing in this except emptiness.

A man more than 800 years old loosened his grip on the handle of the

chair; he was lost to apathy.

In the end, everything he had worked for, the gorgeous room, high-quality furniture——all of it, it was meaningless. Such was the feeling he felt.

——It was at that time.

「Lord, are you in?」

「Ah, don't worry. Come on in.」

「Well then, please excuse me for the intrusion——」

From the decorated double doors, a maid comes in.

If I were two hundred years younger, I probably would have asked for her hand——such were my thoughts, then I saw a letter in her hand.

「Here's your letter, my lord.」

「I can tell by just looking. So? Who is this from?」

Unless it was a letter from someone suitable, remain indifferent and don't bring the letter.

So Chester had implied while smiling laughingly, and all the while, the

maid kept a respectful expression.

「Shijima.」

「——Ahn?」

「It's from Alma Shijima.」

「Hmm, so it's from that ojou-chan eh? It's the first time I'm getting a letter from her....bring it to me.」

To the unexpected name, Chester's expression changes.

Though things were different from what he had hoped for, the letter he wanted——it would never come.

Nevertheless, it was better than what he had expected. He ordered the maid to approach with the letter and took it from her gently.

Tearing open the seal of the letter, he took out a delicate letter that didn't seem like it was written by a「Martial Artist」.

This is just like something a ojou-chan would do——is what Chester thought as he laughed.

The letter was written in a formal style and started with a formal greeting.

Though it was from a rival's disciple, it was still too formal, and this was the reason Chester laughed.

It was a heartwarming letter from an old friend.

Chester, who had been reading the letter line for line, stopped at a certain sentence.

From his facial expression, all laughter disappeared.

Hoping he didn't have holes for eyes, he kept reading that line and started shaking in excitement.

Due to Chester's mood change, the maid standing nearby felt uneasy.

「Lord....?」

The maid, who was worried about Chester, called out to him.

This expression only came out when he was either extremely angry or the opposite——extremely joyous. The maid only knew that something exceptional has happened.

What was it this time? The answer was——

「Kukuku, kekeke kakaka! This is interesting!」(TL: Them sfxs)

Chester laughed pleasantly from the bottom of his heart.

As the maid was confused, she took the letter from his hands and read it to see if it would give her the answers.

Eventually, she understood the reason why Chester had laughed.

「──I see.」

「Kukuku, this is interesting, I wonder what this is? It seems that the kid has the same name as that fool. In addition, that ojou-chan Alma feels that he's similar to him.」

Chester continued roaring in laughter, having a good time from the bottom of his heart.

The fact was, Chester wasn't a man of fun and games.

However, the person mentioned in the letter was similar to the Slava this ojou-chan admired, so what kind of person could this be?

──Meet. I want to meet him.

The thing he had lost was coming back.

Life, it was worth living this long.

The me, who had lost his colors, finally stood up from his chair and gave off a gorgeous smile.

「We're leaving tomorrow. I don't need to say where, do I?」

「Tomorrow? Her practice, weren't you──er, it's useless. Understood, I will arrange it.」

If he wanted to go, there was no way of convincing him of not going.

A smile where you couldn't feel the carving of uncountable moths and years, just pure childishness.

The man, once revered as the strongest man in the underground, stood up──

「Eekkisheeii! Mu, did I catch a cold?」(TL: That sneezing sfx)

I, who had sneezed in a way which people would think「An old man's sneeze」, felt a strange chill down my back, muttered that.

Using my holiday, I was visiting the Arubaku mountains (The Sacred Arubaku Peaks from Chapter 5). Although I was at quite a high altitude and it was colder than it was at the ground, I was cloaked in magic, so it wasn't a big deal.

However, I still felt a strange chill down my back and sneezed. Possible

reasons for this could be that I had caught a cold or it was the place itself, but most importantly——not taking care of my own body. If one didn't take care of oneself's body, then the cold would not go down at all.

This was something absolute, and would never be something wrong. It never hurts to have precaution.

This was a lesson from my previous life. A disease is truly frightening and can even cause a master to go down onto his knees, despairing.

In any case, the body from my previous life had withstood years of training, whereas this body——which was 12 years old——could easily catch one. It was better not to act reckless today.

——Today, I'll do「Waterfall Training」again today, and practice my usage of「Shadow Dancing」while I'm at it.

I created multiple split bodies and made them face each other.

From what I gathered through experimentation, it seems that training this way makes my body stronger.

Though there's almost no difference in body performance, a expected rather than in maneuverability, it seems that the problem lies in the width of our reach. The split bodies that resemble the me from my previous existence have a longer reach than the current me, so as a result I have a slight disadvantage in reach.

Anyway. I can only do actual fighting two times a week.

The knowledge about tactics gained in the boring 5 days──it had to be used when I worked out. After all, my training time was precious, and could not be wasted doing useless things.

「──Let's go.」

I say few words every time; it seems that it's already become a ritual for me.

Twice a week, a fight would start out this way.

I did not intend to do anything else today. So, I beat it up, and it was beaten.

As always, intense impacts could be heard from throughout the mountain.

The fighting continued until day turned into night, and I went back to the dorm with some strength to spare.

A wound was still on my body, though hidden, due to the lack of magical power to heal it.

While admonishing himself, he crawled into bed and soon, his even and steady breathing could be heard──

And so, morning comes.

Despite the fact that things don't change every week, I feel a little depressed when I think that I have to practice boring things until it comes time again for the holidays.

I get dressed in the school uniform and leave for the cafeteria.

The cafeteria is located on the first floor of the dormitories. Because the boy and girl dormitories are separated from each other, the cafeteria I go to is filled with boys.

Today's breakfast is——fish? It was something that I ate often during the last years of my previous existence, but recognizing anew in this life the deliciousness of its fat, I, without any particular thought, got my meal and carried it to my seat.

I looked around for Shido, but couldn't find his figure. I guess I was too much of a kid while training during the holidays and overslept.

It couldn't be helped; I guess I'll eat by myself. Picking up the cold metal knife and fork, I think some thanks to the meal. (TL: Like saying 'Itadakimasu' in your head)

Fumu, it has a good smell. Why is something like this made for the students….

An appetizing smell comes from the fish. I said this earlier; fish really is the best.

My nose must've been a stomach, because hunger was stimulated just by smelling it. While thinking so, I cut the fish into pieces with my knife and fork.

「Oh, it's this kid. Good morning, Slava.」

....Ahh, why does this child interfere with my meal.

Hearing the voice of a demon, I stop the movement of my knife.

It has already been a month since Alma first gave me an invitation, and she hasn't stopped sending me invites.

Because things would become noisy if she always sending me invites during meal time, I asked her to refrain from doing it, but she just swallowed those words——

Oi, the time that should be free of distractions should be breakfast.

I turned towards Alma to lodge a complaint——but I couldn't even say a single word.

——Certainly, Alma was there. However, another face, which I「Knew by sight」, was unexpectedly laughing there.

「Ho ~ou, so it's this boy——hello boy. I'm Chester Prime. Something like... this gal's master's rival?」

The annoying beard under the nose, and height that was more or less the same in my previous life.

And, the elf ears——as well as that filthy smile, more than all else.

The one thing I should have forgotten, his face——

「What he's saying is true. Slava, let's get you acquainted. This was my teacher's friend, Chester-san. He was saying that he wanted to meet you by all means when I sent him a letter, thus I went to introduce you two when he came.」

Chester Prime.

The owner of a strong fist, a fist that was worthy to be called 'Fist King of the Underground', as well as my rival.

And the many times I had gotten a challenge from this idiot, I couldn't forget them.

Well, I guess it was like this. If Alma was still alive, how could this shitty old man be dead? Rather, it would be strange if he were dead.

Strange coincidences kept reviving one after another.I felt as if an unclear「Destiny」was pressing down on my head.

Chapter 8 - Worthy Opponent

Once again, it was time for martial arts class.

While it was necessary to cut corners with other classes, I did not dislike this class. The reason for this was due to the fact that there was a chance to practice the「Shijima Style」, which meant I could polish my skills.

Of course, I also had to take Alma's watchful gaze into consideration. That said, martial arts class was probably the class I had to focus the most on.

However, it is a little different today.

「Jou-chan can now teach things, huh? I guess this happens once you live for a long time.」

「My body still isn't at its maximum potential. Also, I have to keep the「Shijima Style」alive.

….And recently, I have found someone who I want to be the successor of the style.」

In addition to teaching the students, Alma watches my movements──

And a rival who knew all my moves from my previous life, Chester Prime, was also watching my movements.

….This shitty old man. Why the hell is a person from the underworld coming to the academy with an innocent look.

The「Martial Arts」society in the underground was different from the one Alma knew. And the boss just came to the peaceful academy for some reason.

This 'boss' was Chester, who took every opportunity to brawl with me with the pretense of "Sparring". Adding this tidbit in, he would be able to see through my skills better than Alma.

——This is going to be difficult. This sort of feeling rose up within me.

If covering up my skills in front of my daughter was hard, then covering them up in front of Chester, who I had always competed with, was something I had no confidence in. I broke out into a cold sweat.

「Hey, what's the matter, why the pale face? Is Oji-san scared?」

Shido, who was next to me, saw my pale face and made fun of me while laughing.

This was no joke. Though I wasn't exactly afraid of death——surely, to the current me, Chester's existence was something to be afraid of.

「Well everyone, please give me your attention. Today, Mr. Chester Prime, who was the rival of my mentor, has come to visit us. I'm sure most

of you don’t know who he is, but he is more skilled than I am. In particular, he is much better than me when it comes to ‘striking’ techniques. He will be specially instructing you guys today. Relax and receive his guidance!」

Sounds of buzzing rise up. (TL: When a lot of people start talking at once…)

That’s how it is. In fact, there was probably no one among the students that even knew the name ‘Chester Prime’.

….Well, I already knew, but me aside──the lot who, without ever standing on the world above the underground, think about nothing else but how to defeat other people, not knowing about them it’s natural.

Alma introduced the nameless man by saying「He’s stronger than me」and most people thought of it as a joke, as ‘Alma’ was synonymous with the word ‘strongest’ to the elves. (TL: Like when they say ‘Alma’, the elves instinctively think ‘strongest’)

All the things said were truth, and not jokes.

Chester places emphasis on attack, and thus, his「Primo Style」specializes in the power of striking the opponent.

The「Shijima Style」focused on safety and placed emphasis on countering, something that now torments me in this lifetime. (TL: ‘本来であればカウンターを重視した護りの構えであるシジマ流からすれば相性がいいはずのそれは、生前の私をひどく苦しめたものだ。’)

With Alma not even at my level, it would be hard to be a match──getting a win would be like visiting Cloud Nine.

「So, today, we will review the first basic movements we learned. After reviewing it, we will carry out practice battles.」

The unexpected situation I had speculated had happened, and「Martial Arts」class begins.

Although it was contrary to what I thought….you could actually ask Chester questions on anything…. (TL: '実際に私の思う事など露にも知らぬのだろうが……よりにも寄ってチェスターなんぞ呼びおって……')

Since I had a grudge against Alma, I took up a good stance.

The posture from the day I beat Shido was seen through by Alma, so I had complete confidence that Chester would catch note of it.

One could call this a certain trust. That as long as the old man wasn't senile, he would find out──such was this selfish trust.

This was a feint, of course, and I immediately broke it right after; this could be seen as blasphemy towards「Martial Arts」.

It was behavior similar to taking the salt out of food on purpose, so I felt embarrassed doing it.

But, I wouldn't be able to deceive Chester's' eyes without doing this.

As I follow the instructions of Alma, I practice them….but with barely enough skill.

Ahhh, it's irritating. Old man, please go home already.

I mentally abuse my longtime practice partner with thoughts of making him do suicide. Of course it doesn't happen, but it serves to prove that I am being influenced by this immature body, because this comes from just a small worry.

——However, it seems that I'm still being too over-optimistic.

「Oi, boya….Slava ~tsuka?」

「Ah….? Yes, that's me….」

Chester looks around at the students with Alma, and stops in front of me.

His moustache distorts as he gives a filthy smile, how hateful. (TL: You can place 'spiteful' or 'annoying' instead of hateful, just saying -Message to the readers-)

There couldn't be any 'me' in any of the stances I deliberately messed up——

Just as I was slowly becoming impatient without looking calm, Chester brings his face close.

To the me, who was stopped in the middle of a stance, Chester mutters in a low voice that only I can hear:

「.....You don't cut corners well, boya~」

「――!」

I stiffened my facial expression.

I didn't know if he had found out my true identity. But, he did see through me cutting corners in the stance practice.

I get rid of the expression, return it into a calm one and turn towards Chester.

「.....What?」

「Iya iya, I've already seen through you, though I don't know what reasons you have for doing this *ja ne. This is because, as a beginner, your hand movements are too precise, thus when you started messing up, it was easy to notice* naa」

――Ke, I've been completely seen through!

Perfection happens as a result of repeated movement, and as a result, the「Truth」becomes hard to hide. Even though I was just doing an imitation of a mere model, just how much observation skill do you have….!

My movement, like salt pulled out of a dish, was fully ‘tasted’ by this man.

After I’ve been caught, making excuses will make me seem like an animal struggling inside a net.

I was led to believe that if I lied badly again, I would worsen my situation. I now understood the position I was in.

「You――」

「Don’t worry about me saying this to anyone ~ya. I’ll keep quiet about it to jou-chan. So….when the school day ends, come to the principal’s office.」

While I was contemplating what he wanted, Chester was already getting ready to move to the next student.

This was a command that couldn’t be avoided. He had basically said「If you don’t come, I will tell Alma」.

….Resisting or worse would result in an unfavorable situation, that foxy old man.

「I understand. Let's do it like that.」

Eventually, I would have to jump into that boiling pot. (TL: Exposing himself)

It's either the frying pan or the stove, right? My teacher really said some profound words. (TL: Sorry, had to, luls. Martial Arts -> Profound Techniques -> Yun Che | Original first line was 'Will an ogre come out, or will Buddha come out?')

Whether I came or not, Chester would win anyway.

Chester erased his indecent smile, while showing an aggressive look, and said.

「I'm looking foward to it, Slava....~yo」

....What did you say?

So far, I was only called「Boya」; my movements stopped when I was suddenly called that name.

No, it's different. I wouldn't feel this chill if I was just called.

To be called like this, it's like——!

「——! Bastard, since when….」

「We'll have fun later. Hehehe, I'll be waiting.」

Laughing merrily, Chester moved on to other students to help them.

I broke out in a cold sweat, unable to keep my calm anymore.

Alma's voice, when she was talking about the next skill, felt very far away.

After finishing classes, though feeling reluctant, I visited the principal's office.

In front of the door that was a little more grand compared to the other doors, there I stood.

Students rarely have any business with the principal, so it was rare thing to say that there was a student in front of the door.

Actually, the principal didn't have any business with me.

The only business here——I had to meet here for Chester Prime….that shitty old man.

….A summon from him, only due my weakness; he had seen through the fact that I had been cutting corners.

I wonder what will be said. That man may have only noticed me unexpectedly. (TL: Accidentally is what it means.)

Presently, I was feeling a considerable amount of depression. Should I have done it better? No, doing so would have made it unnatural, and Alma may have ended up investigating me.

While thinking about a question that wouldn't have a question, I knocked on the principal's door.

「Excuse me, it is Slava Marshall.」(TL: Polite tone used here)

「Oh, Slava-kun, please come in.」

I hear the gentle tone of the principal after I told my name.

I pushed open the door that I had gotten permission to open.

….Well then, that was quite a heavy door. Though this door should have originally been light, it was pretty heavy. (TL: To push)

「Yo, I was tired of waiting for you, Slava….」

This man, what makes him think that I wanted to do this?

I wanted to spill out my resentment, but I would surely be found out if I

did so.

Letting out a sigh, I stepped into the principal's office.

「I'm sorry if I kept you waiting. So then, what is this order about?」

「Ah, don't be so serious. I just want to catch up on things.」

….Tch. I hope he does suicide.

My real identity is compromised, but I may have already been found out a long time ago.

But I predicted it. The reason was because I thought of the possibility that if it was this guy, he would find out, so there was very little surprise.

I scowled at Chester, who had a filthy smile on his face, without hiding my hostility, as well as not caring that the principal was there.

「Fumu, Chester-dono, is Slava-kun your acquaintance? On the other hand, Slava-kun, can you please stop making those eyes towards your superior?」

「I don't mind it, after all, we're close acquaintances, so I don't mind it. Something at this level doesn't bother me at all.」

Chester controls the principal's attitude towards my behavior.

Ah, it's because you're in that kind of relation with me. Even as he was calming the principal down, I still abused him mentally with wishes about him biting his tongue and dying.

However──what was that thing mentioned a while ago?

It certainly wasn't anything good and it will probably become something that needs permission for speaking of once I hear it….

Anyway, it seems like the situation getting more built up. I will stop doing unnecessary things.

I, will wait until they calm down.

「Yeah, yeah. If it's a request from Chester, then I don't mind it. But you shouldn't be too cruel──」

「I can't guarantee that. But I'll take proper measures. Oi Slava, how much longer do you want to pretend to be stupid?」

──I see, ne.

Chester's words, I took in the real meaning of them.

Although I didn't know when he was convinced that it was me*, I did know that I was already dancing in his palms. (TL: His previous existence)

Damn it, Alma also did some unnecessary things.

「Eeh, I don't mind.」(TL: 'I don't mind' as in 'No problem' By the way, Chester is most likely the one talking here but you can interpret it however you want)

「It's decided. Well Principal-dono, we would like to go. And since you're older, you will keep silent about this, right?」

「Hohho, I'm not that old yet. Slava-kun, will you not be attending classes tomorrow?」

After I gave up trying to fool them, things started to move along.

I surely did an unnecessary thing. But….it's still a fact that my blood boils.

After we left the principal's office, we walked down the hall in silence.

It was hard to walk because my magic power kept overflowing unintentionally. I was too excited.

We had left the school building, and was now talking slowly towards the school gate.

There was no one on the premise of the academy because the dormitories were inside the academy, so it was very quiet.

「Oi, Slava.」

「What is it?」

「Stop using that uncomfortable way of speaking. I noticed it a long time ago.」

「….Che, you're a sharp old man. I thought old age would get you.」

「Kakkaka! If you're still alive, how can I be old and muddleheaded?」

Confirming that no one was around, I went back to my old way of speaking.

….It's disappointing, but after all, it comes out smoothly.

It didn't match my nature to speaking like an annoying little kid.

「So, where will we go to fight? Do you have a location in mind?」

「When I was introduced to someone similar to you, I didn't dream that it would actually be you ~na. Isn't anywhere fine?」

「….Fumu, then the place I'm using right now, let's use that place.」

The two men who looked like grandfather and grandson quietly walked towards the forest.

Although no one was nearby, if there were people nearby, they would have surely have had a headache listening to the dangerous talk while Chester and Slava were walking towards their destination. (TL: Raws didn't have names, but if I didn't put the names, it would sound pretty weird to use 'they' again.)

「Have you dulled?」(TL: Skill-wise)

「Don't underestimate me, I'm still active.」

Listening to my enemy talk happily, I sped up.

Running in a speed unlike a child or elderly person, we blurred into the shadows and ran towards the Arubaku mountain.

For a long time, I had been thinking about what would happen——but it no longer matters.

Faced with the prospects of actually fighting after a long while, I laughed happily.

Chapter 9 - Beyond Shijima

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「Ho, this is a good location」

「Isn't it? Though, I didn't think that I would invite anyone」

Arubaku mountain – the secret area where I always train.

Usually, there's no one other than me, but today there's someone else.

Not facing each other, we begin our own preparations while exchanging comments.

At first glance, the atmosphere seems friendly. In reality, it's like a bloated paper balloon. Even a small movement would pop it, such was the danger of the situation.

After waiting for thirty years, I will finally be trading blows with my nemesis.

I relax my arm muscles while Chester begins shadow-boxing an imaginary enemy.

It symbolizes the difference in our preparation methods: soft and hard.

Unfortunately, both of us are probably thinking of the same thing:

I can't wait to fight.

I wasted twelve years, training by myself, while trying to hide my power. How frustrating it was... Bearing these sentiments, with full force, I bump fists with my rival (of my previous life).

If my heart was not trembling, then I might as well be a dead tree.

I have not felt this trembling for 50 years. The only thing I can think of ishow much I look forward to this fight.

「It's about time isn't it? It's getting late.」

「You're right.」

As I thought. Someone who is his equal, does not exist (other than himself?).

In the end, the one who hungers for battle is the same as him. So it should be no surprise that we're similar.

I take the Shijima stance called "Running Water". It is a basic stance which emphasizes on defence. This structure took years to ingrain into

the brain, and creates an armor which permeates the body.

On the other hand, Chester lowers his weakened left hand to his waist, taking into account a possible strike.

After fighting with him for so long, I recognize this as one of the basic stances.

The deciding factor between two seasoned warriors is not compatibility, but experience. Basic movements encompasses the whole school of martial arts, and is a mysterious and difficult thing to master.

A genuine fight without petty tricks. (TLN: Wonderful. I'm almost drooling -_-)

No need for words.

I want to fight soon, even a second quicker would be fine.

「Shijima Style「Original」Master, Slava Shijima. Come」

「Primo Style founder, Chester. Let's start. 」

As I claim the name of my previous life, Chester has an intense smile on his face.

He had most likely been empty ever since he had said the last rites of

the deceased for me.

Despite finishing our declaration for the duel, we are not moving.

Both of them did not moving an inch. The fight has begun, both of them understand that. Even though both of them are motionless, there is no longer any atmosphere of fun.

The tension in the air pierces my face, a feeling I have not experienced for a long time.

Silence.

Not a single sound can be heard, not even the wind. Wild beasts probably sensed the killing intent we emitted, leaving not even a trace of life in the surroundings. (I merged this sentence with another sentence below, cos the order seemed awkward)

Just one, no, two exceptions. Us.

...Fumu, it might not be bad to scare them a little

The eternal silence is suddenly broken,

Taking a defensive stance, I make the first move.

An instant. In the instant Chester was off guard, I take the opportunity

and advance.

5 meters of distance is closed in a step. Chester, who was taken off guard, has a bitter expression. However, that too is only for a moment.

The weakened left hand melts into the air. Reaching from relaxation to maximum speed in a second, it disappears.

However, I did not miss that initial movement. Like a snake that blends into darkness, the concealed Adamant(ine) whip lashes forward.

If I had received a direct hit, my bones would probably break due to the blade inside the whip. Even poison would have been more preferable to that.

However, anticipating the snake-like movement, I give up the first move and let the whip coil around my glove.

It’s a metal plate but by using arm movements, I utilize the wrist guard to its maximum potential.

Even then, my wrist guard was scratched and shaved. Even if it’s a good blade, that should be impossible.

A slight pain runs through my body, but since he fell for my trick, then it is a cheap price. Using my left arm, I direct the force towards him.

However, this old man is reluctant to raise his arm. Even after moving

from a defensive stance to create an opening… Also if my body was larger I might not have been able to dodge so easily.

Well, even though I took so much effort, it wouldn't be enough just to launch a bold move.

Originally, the whip lashed to the ground, but I redirected the direction of the fast motion of the whip towards the sky.

(I merged these 2 sentences. Also I'm not too sure what the 1st sentence is talking about 本来ならばニヤけた面の一つでも地面に叩きつけたいところではあるが――私は、添わせた手を僅かに逸らした。)

With a small force, the fast whip flies towards the sky.

「Geh (exclamation of disappointment)」

A small voice leaks from Chester, who is sweating.

As expected, his left hand is pulled up. His defenseless stance is still tight. It'll be bad if I rush.

Leaving my hand with the whip coiled around, I concentrate Mana into my left hand. Let's see if it's effective on him.

Shijima Style, Palm Bottom「Valiant」── A technique which involves concentrating explosive mana into the palm, twisting it and then striking.

Chester, at best, could only stop the strike due to his bad stance.

Chester leaps back, but not before I strike his flank.

As if it is a raging bull flying, the old guy's body flies horizontal to the ground.

If he was an average martial artist, I might have suspected an instant death. But he was once the man who united all of the underworld martial arts. Putting aside whether he was serious, the previous strike probably only woke him up.

「You don't seem to have dulled.」

(Not sure what's he referring to here: 鈍っておらんようだな. Might be the attack being dull)

「Bullshit. It's a piece of cake.」

Even though the edge of his mouth is bleeding, he smiles.

Aah, this is fun. Since when was fighting so fun?

It's like tasting an exquisite food. I don't want to stop, no, there's no way I'll stop.

Both Chester and I are laughing so hard that our cheeks hurt.

Without any need for words, we start the second bout at the same time.

Being very careful, Chester was frustrating but strong.

That left arm which can bend like a whip is troublesome.

It can instantly accelerate from the relaxed and limp state to maximum speed.

Yet the fact that it can freely move in that crafty trajectory, is very reminiscent of a snake. It’s power can probably easily shatter steel.

Blessed with a long reach, the distance he creates is huge. Having been burned before, the distance, especially with my small body, feels tremendous.

However, with such a light body, I gain maneuverability.

Even then I probably won’t be able to change my disadvantage, but I already knew this from the start.

To win against him now, it’s necessary to be prepared to set foot in the netherworld.

That guy too probably knows all of this. Having a good grasp of his strengths, he developed the battle in such a way to take advantage of his reach.

Chester is strong, hence I take some measures.

The moment I got close, this guy would completely overtake me.

……..The steel snake lashes out. It’s even faster than I thought!

If I hadn’t been targeting his defense since the beginning (assuming はな is 端 here), I don’t think I would’ve been able to defend.

In response to the precise aim towards my temple, I try to defend by bringing up by arm. I mustn’t break my stance, if I do it’s all over. Getting hit in my vitals is out of the question.

Within an instant, I make the decision to meet the blow.

It’ll come, it’s coming, it came!

「Tsu!!」

The blow comes heavier and faster than expected.

It gave the illusion of a lump of lead tied to a rope smashing into me.

Maintaining my defensive stance, leaving a shoe mark on the floor, I slide forward.

Heavy, it’s too heavy. I can’t receive the blow.

With his arms raised, he press his lips together.

I’ll say, what the hell am I fighting against?

Somehow maintaining my posture, Chester presses on with his assault.

Certainly the blows are heavy. It’s definitely stronger than mine.

However, don’t underestimate me. The Shijima stance is a defensive stance you know?

Chester’s steel fist accurately targets my face.

If I’m hit by that, even dying will be lucky, it wouldn’t be weird if I was blown away, thus I ready my arms.

Don’t underestimate the Shijima Style that is devoted to defending.

Instead of talking, I devote my defense to below my arms.

I place my knee in the trajectory.

Similar to movement of the protruding arm, my knee pierces Chester’s face.

I can feel his nose break. However, sinking my knee into his face, he grabs my right arm.

This is bad, the moment I thought that, a fist sinks into my belly. While spitting out blood, I am sent flying. He forcefully increases our distance.

「Gaff, Vue….. Gukukuku, this is fun, Chester!」

「Bonetly, Yor za besht!」(Honestly, you're the best!)

While discharging the blood remaining in our throat, and blowing blood out of our noses, we laugh.

Chester's face is so bloody that I can't recognize him anymore.

Though, I haven't seen that expression on that old man before, it's a pure smile.

My face isn't as beat-up as his, but my internal organs are badly damaged.

Amidst all the damage, that fist just now wasn't just a half-decent attack.

Both sides are being unreasonable to each other.

I parry Chester's blow. But before I can retaliate, he continues his assault.

I am taking more damage than him, I feel like crying -_-

Even then, this feeling of happiness – geez, I never thought I would become crazy.

However, that is that. The person that seeks to become the strongest is going to be such a person.

Chester fixes his broken nose. I spit out all the clogged blood that had prevented me from taking a proper breath.

Now there are no problems. Let's continue.

Distance virtually doesn't exist. Chester closes the distance within a moment, unleashing his honestly polished fist.

I try to take his fist and bend it out of the limit of its range of motion.

If I do that, his arm will break – such was the feeling I had. Chester once again uses his remaining right arm to smash my nose. The old geezer of the past who did not mind such pain. Wincing only a little, it's almost a foul.

However, this time I won't retreat. In order to push his left hand at a right angle to his body, I step forward.

A crisp sound resounds, Chester's palm is facing himself.

It definitely broke! Having crushed my enemy's greatest weapon, my face is filled with delight – but the next moment, I tremble in agony.

The sight of his knee piercing my stomach enters my sight. Hell-like burning and pain dominates my abdomen. Too much pain for me to tolerate, I collapse on the vomit and blood splattered on the ground.

Although pain dominates my body, my mind is strangely calm, I cannot allow my body to rest.

Seeing his foot that tries to step on my body, my hand grabs his feet as though the pain in my abdomen suddenly disappeared.

Because of my collapsed posture, avoiding the trajectory of his attacks are the best I can manage, but having raised one leg, Chester's body is supported by only one leg.

Thus, I easily break his balance and force him to collapse.

A moment of unexpected silence resumes. While each of us grimaces in pain, we rebuild our posture and retake some distance.

「Ha~, Ha~ .. you're getting close to your limit aren't you?」

「Ze, kaha .... it's the same for you too isn't .... bakayaro (fool), take more

care of your elders. Breaking it without holding back」

Stomach and Arms. Both of us, protecting our most severely damaged parts.

If it's just pain there's no problem. However, both of us are getting physically exhausted.

A question similar to our desires, we answer with our actions. (TLN: The question is 'Who will win?')

The next bout will be the last one. It goes without saying, I understand that.

「I'm coming!!」

「Come!!」(ED: kinky)(TL: Taken out of context -_-)

Offensive and defensive. The contrasting stances last bout, and our shadows meet.

The damage we have taken is almost equal. But I understand that I have the advantage.

Having destroyed his strongest offensive, his left hand, he can only attack using his right arm or execute a kick.

In comparison, though my stomach is destroyed, if it's only pain then it will not limit my movements. Speaking solely in terms of damage, I have taken more but, the one who stands at the end is the winner, and until I announce myself as the winner I will not give up.

Stretching my consciousness to the limit, that moment seems to stretch on for eternity. Slowly..... in the world I see, I see... Prime, the style that puts its absolute trust in its fist, as I thought the last attack is a right punch!

I assume to running water stance in order to intercept it.

His right fist draws an arc –

Then, it did not even graze me.

「(Bakana! (Impossible!) A feint, rotation?!)」

My arms were raised in a guard to intercept. Yet, Chester's right arm passed only before my guard.

There's no way this man would've measured the distance wrongly .... this must be a feint!?

「(If you kick or turn kick – no way)」

If it's not the right fist, then what is it!

Surprised, my mind blanks out for a moment.

(I'm not sure what middle part means あてを外された私は、駆け引きに負けたことで一瞬の空白を意識に浮かべてしまう。)

....By the time I noticed, it was too late. Likened to a blade of a swordsman, Primo style's left fist.

In such a scenario, there's no way he would use that...

「(The broken left fist ....)」

.....Damn, such a shame.

In that slowed down time, the moment before my consciousness turned white, I felt his left fist touching my chin. The broken left fist. A backhand blow, hammers my chin.

Ninth Episode

[TL Note : this is a second version of the chapter 9]

「Master?」

Eins cocked her head with curious eyes.

It seems that she's been learning at a decent pace.

「Your status has gotten surprisingly strong. Are the other automata as strong as you?」

It's okay if only she's this reliable.

「No, the other automata are not as strong as me.」

「Is that so?」

I didn't think would be such a difference even though you guys were summoned at the same time.

(TL: Random Conversation Starts)

「To say it clearly, it's fine to let a three-man(automata) squad protect me.」

「Three-man squad?」

「Yes, the winning rate of a three-man squad has finally reached 50%.」

It seems like there's an obvious difference.

Is Zwei going through the same thing?

「Then what is your winning rate when you and Zwei fight against each other?」

「My winning rate is about 70%.」

It seems that Zwei is inferior by 20%.

Well, I guess I should be saying that he's impressive for having a 30% winning rate when fighting solo?

「Why is this the case?」

「Although Zwei excels in surprise attacks, during one-on-one matches, he isn't too good. In addition, I have Space Magic, so I could surprise attack him.」

I see.

「Then, what do you think the result would be if all the automata and automen fought?」

「Unfortunately, I don't know.」

Figures.

「I've taken up your time. Now I understand you guys better.」

「Although I am not worthy of your words, thank you very much.」

After parting with Eins, I sat down in a chair in my study room and opened my status.

Name: – – –

Gender: Male

Level: 5

Race: Dungeon Master (Intermediate)

Title: 《Calm》《Dungeon Master》《Abiotic User》《Puppet Master》 NEW《Master of a Doll Dungeon》

Skill: 《Dungeon Management》《Fighting: Intermediate》《Leadership: Intermediate》《Negotiation: Beginner》

Ability Values

HP: 920/920 (+40)

MP: 800/800 (+40)

Strength: 41 (+50)

Endurance: 46 (+60)

Intelligence: 29 (+40)

Magic: 39 (+40)

Spirit: 29 (+50)

Dexterity: 27 (+50)

Agility: 25 (+40)

Luck: 20 (+40)

I think that my dungeon level and stats were pretty good when considered together.

At the same time, I even gained a new title.

『Master of a Doll Dungeon: Title given when the amount of human-like monsters in the Dungeon reach 50. Any additional value is doubled.』 (TLN: The (+xx) in a status, I presume)

It a title that seems to give my dungeon a name, as well as buff. (TLN: Says 'Addition Skills', so I'm assuming that it means buff.)

Come to think of it, the values and skill levels of Eins had increased.

The skills were probably learned, but why did the values also increase?

My values were also buffed if you looked carefully, and the skills that were buffed were buffed by the same value.

And then

『Leadership: A Buff Skill. Adds additional value to all abilities.』

It was a really short explanation, but it also revealed why the added values had increased.

Then, what happens when a subordinate has a higher「Leadership」level than the leader?

Well, I better stop being masochistic. Let's just say that my 'family' had their stats buffed because I became an Intermediate Dungeon Master,

First, let's summon the Dungeon Menu.

When, firstly, and if there's a change in the status of my 'family', the first thing I will think of is to check the Dungeon Menu, if there isn't a change, then I'm stuck wondering.

「Dungeon Community?」

The option appeared. (TLN: Raw would translate to 'Found a change' or so, but makes no sense with the next line.)

I chose the option 'Dungeon Community' immediately.

『Transferring of the Dungeon Master will commence. Do you wish to

participate?』

Why wouldn't I participate?

「Participate」

A window appears.

1: In a loud voice clearly! @ Greeting Thread (582)

2: Let's exchange information! @ Chat Thread (997)

3: Looking for a daughter-in-law @ Looking for someone with skill Thread (23)

4: It's a perfect time to kill! @ Chat Thread 2 (994)

5: What should I make my title? @ Chat Thread 3 (45)

…Thread?

No, while you can make exchanges, do you make threads?

Besides, it seems like these names are all jokes.

Anyway, let's look at the 'Greeting Thread'.

Master of Chaos Dungeon

First, I tried making a greeting in the thread.

When I found that every newcomer writes in this thread first, I was glad.

Since this is a place for newbies, please watch over me with warm eyes.

For any posts after the 980th one, please go to the next thread.

Chaos Dungeon Master

For six months, there hasn’t been anyone…

….Somehow, I became depressed.

7/31 Typos Fixed

Chapter 10: Part 1 - After the Duel

A gentle warmth was embracing my cheeks as I opened my eyes.

It seems that my body had been laid down. I had apparently been asleep.

As I was arousing my consciousness, the sound of a dead dry wood being burst open could be heard.

Finding a peculiar sound, I moved my face in that direction and found an open-air fire a little ways from my spot.

The fire that had the perfect blaze for burning wood, was burning wood.

Needless to say, having a fire like this was out of the ordinary, unless one did it by oneself.

In that case, someone——no need to say who it was——lit the fire.

「....The one who lost, me.」

「Oh, you woke up.」

While supporting my upper body, I muttered in the direction of the culprit who built the fire.

On the other side of the fire Chester was placing in wood while laughing.

….Damn it. It was just a little more and I would have beaten him. Involuntarily, I grit my teeth.

For me, it was a desperate struggle that used up all my energy, but Chester seems to have some spare energy left.

The evidence for this was the position I woke up in, as well as the bonfire.

Moreover, my body only ached, and wasn’t in any serious pain.

Even though I had been injecting the maximum amount of magic into my fist during the fight, I still had enough magic to heal serious injuries.

Besides the two decades that I didn’t experience due to my rebirth, there was also a twelve year blank.

It wasn’t like I was trying to make an excuse but, it seems that during those years, he had raised his strength a lot——I was weak.

「Complete defeat…for sure.」

「Ah. With a body of a brat, you didn’t even skip a day of discipline. You still aren’t accustomed to that body, right? It was just a little, but your

techniques were a bit dull.」

For a while, silence ensues.

….Honestly, I'm frustrated. I'm frustrated at feeling frustrated and I couldn't help but clench my fist until blood came out.

My foundation has to be worked on. I had worked on my magical power more than I had in my previous existence in order to make it perfect.

However, this was the result.

The hands and feet of a child are short. The skills that I had gotten in my previous existence couldn't be properly used even if I did understand the「Principle」behind the skill.

Chester had used a feint, one which I could have easily grasp his hand in——however, that was only if this were my previous existence. Then, I definitely would have been able to grab his hand by moving faster than Chester's reaction speed.

This was just a talk of "if"…the result is unchanged. I had to accept my defeat.

….Though, if this were a deathmatch, I would have definitely been dead today.

I wasn't going to abhor it, after all, I used all my strength and lost.

Other people probably weren't as lucky and died because stupid things came out of their mouths. (TL: No idea what the Japanese idiom on the second line means so I put this.)

For my nemesis to step into an even higher realm, I couldn't feel any jealousy towards him. Compared to the me who had died once to understand「Martial Arts」, this guy had a way longer life.

He was closer to the position of strongest than I was. That's why, it was enviable, but couldn't be helped.

「You.」

「What.」

「I had polished my「Martial Arts」with the intention to fight, so what the hell.」

Perhaps, there was no one who could defeat Chester unless he was delivered to them on a silver platter. While the world certainly was wide, it was like trying to find a pin inside of a haystack in order to find a worthy opponent for this guy.

That is to say, what was this man fighting for?

I was suddenly very concerned, and wanted to hear his answer. ——To answer the mystery, even though it was already known.

「….Who knows? I hadn't thought of such a thing. Ever since you had died, I suddenly lost the motivation. I only polished my「Martial Arts」because it was a daily routine. Because every day happened in such a manner, I hadn't really thought about it.」

——So, there was no such reason. His goal could be described in two words; uncertain. (TL: I think this line means what it means because the 2 JP words mean uncertain)

It was the same after all; people didn't become a「Martial Artist」if they didn't have the resolve to aim to be the strongest.

「How about you?」

「I've also never thought of such a thing.」

「I'll bet. Guess that's how it is, isn't it?」

It was as I had thought. I suddenly felt a little weird and some laughter leaked out of my mouth from my throat.

I guessed that Chester was also fine with my answer because he also started laughing.

Ah damn, it's really frustrating. Although I had used all my strength and lost, I felt a little frustrated that I felt satisfied.

At least I now had a goal that I should surpass. This was the first time I

felt like this ever since my master's death.

「Next time. I'll make you kiss the ground.」

「Ha~tsu, come at me anytime. It'll definitely be fun to win in the upcoming matches.」

My, this guy's mouth doesn't know when to shut up.

However, it won't go as you say. I'll win tens and tens of times before you die.

....Fumu, it's been a while since I had these feelings.

Turns out that having bad friends is a good thing.

「N~jaa, it's almost time for a meal. I've already killed a bird.」

「You actually did such a thing? ....Yareyare, you're like a child, old man.」

Looking at Chester, who was too spirited in spite of his age, I leaked out a sigh.

This man shows no signs of aging. In fact, it seems that he's had a well and active life.

Looking at Chester, who had plunged the stick I had sharpened into the

bird, I was thankful for the strength of my nemesis.

****

「Achoo!….Although it’s pretty late, why is your figure like this?」(TL: No idea what the first part of the line is suppose to mean.)

「….You’re really slow. Well, wait a bit and we’ll talk it out.」

It was the moment that I was about to bring the roasted bird to my mouth.

Chester, who already had a mouthful of chicken, said something over the fire.

Don’t speak while you’re eating. After saying so, I bit into my roasted bird.

The bird that had been roasted by the fire gave off an alluring fragrance that stimulated appetite.

Although no spices or salt was used, the smell of the roasting meat stimulated ones primitive appetite.

Moreover, the level of roasting was just right. The skin of the bird was sizzling, as though it had been just been deep fried, and had a texture just like a thin pastry when I bit into it.

The fantastic meat juice created from the bird's fat immediately eased up my cheeks.

The soup that consisted of the fat, meat, and skin was exquisite. From the dry, crunchy skin to the juicy meat with fat, it was overflowing with flavor. Saliva from the gaps of my teeth kept flowing from the smell and taste.

Although I had been hungry, it didn't last for long. The natural slight saltiness of the roasted bird made it a good dish to eat.

That is to say, I completely forgot about what Chester had said and became obsessed with the roasted bird.

The skin of the roasted bird was easily torn by my teeth and the concentrated roasted meat easily accepted my tearing as well. During the time I was biting into the meat, the best sauce came ou——

And then I realized that I had already eaten a roasted bird. Although the amount of meat on this bird wouldn't be considered much, the aged me from my previous existence couldn't even finish eating it.

….U-umu, it's because I'm in a period of development. A strong appetite I hadn't felt in a long time was felt. The delicious meal was able to fill my stomach and I felt a sense of satisfaction.

This was the best meal after an exercise. Unexpectedly, today turned out to be a luxurious day.

「Such a gluttonous stomach, were you really that hungry?」(TL: がっツくのう、そんなに腹が減っていたのか)

「After getting this body, somehow. Well, shall we start the talk?」

Chapter 10: Part 2

I nibbled at the bird incessantly. Chester seeing me eating in such a manner teased my attempts.

It would have been inconceivable for such an action in my previous life…

Chester who was more than a hundred years older than me ate the bird in a single bite.

That aside, I wonder why I was blessed with such a peculiar turn of fate.

「Frankly, I don't know. All I can say is that when I revived, I possessed this body.」(with regards to Chester's query on his new body)

「Well, I have live for quite a long time time but I have never heard of such a story. You are probably the only one. How lucky.」

As I guessed, even Chester who has lived for so long admitted that this is the first time he has heard of such a thing.

I scrutinize my hand. No blisters, no wounds.. just a child's silky smooth hand.

「Still, this is quite an enviable story. Even though you have become

rusty, being able to retain your experience from your past life and relive a new life sure is… Anyway, aren't you the strongest 12 year old?」

「Stop it you. But of course, there's no way I would lose to a 12 year old kid.」

「That's indisputable. Even if it's merely 100 years, after having spent your whole life practicing martial arts, losing to a 12 year old brat would surely be depressing.」

「Merely… From my perspective, the fact that you elves think of 100 years as "merely" 100 years is enviable.」

「You're an elf now as well.」

「True.」

As the area grew darker, a slight deafening silence fell upon us while we sat around the bonfire.

In the vicinity, the cry of a beast could be heard. How annoying.

「My disciple.. I brought him here.」(TL: the gender is not actually specified so I will be using "him" for now)

In the midst of the silence, those few words seemed to cut through the darkness of the night.

Those few words surprised me.

「Disciple? You?」

「Yeah」

Hearing this, I conjectured that he must have a reason.

In the past, Chester was known as「The Creator of Prime Martial Arts」. Many sought to be his disciple.

Having painstakingly building his inheritance which defined him as the strongest, he would not simply pass it on to someone like you… was what Chester said. What the heck made him change his mind?

「I thought you didn't take disciples?」

「Well, that been the intention. After you died, seeing Alma-jouchan frantically disseminating the Shijima techniques, I became slightly jealous.」

Chester confessed as he casually scratched his black and white hair.

「After I die, there would be nothing left… or something like that. You left behind Alma-jouchan, but I have nothing. That somehow bore within me a strange impatience. (?)」

I gave no response to that, while Chester continued.

His face was somehow melancholic.

…What will be left behind, huh? For me there was Alma, so I had no such concerns but… if I failed to attain the title of the strongest and died, what would I have been left with, I wonder? Even I've contemplated that before.

Even I who had disciples had such sentiments before. Chester also no longer gives off an air of strong vitality or vigor, I wonder if this is the result of old age.

Sending that he had more on his mind, I silently waited for him.

As expected, Chester continued.

「But the guy who could fulfill my expectations did not appear. Yet, I kept recalling Alma-jouchan. I will never hand the Prime Style to the likes of you, such were my sentiments but… (referring to how weak they were)

Lately, I have found a suitable successor. The times are changing. Once our era is over, theirs will come.」

「…… That's not like you. I thought you were the type to never retire?」

「Of course, I don't intend to retire now. The matter here is about successors.」

「What do you mean? Wasn't he the one you picked with your own 2 eyes? What's the problem?」(TL: once again gender not specified)

「…… He's too strong」(TL: -_-)

Soon, a smirk appeared on his face.

…… Too strong? Is he really as strong as Chester says?

「Too strong?」

「Yeah, this brat is shy of 15, but he possesses lots of potential and talent. Thinking about it makes me feel old.」

Contrary to what he said, Chester seems to be enjoying himself.

When I first witnessed Alma's talent, I remembered having similar feelings.

it was like sucking in water in the form of an attached paper (TL: Some abstract analogy I don't understand まるで水に付けた紙のように技を吸いこんでいく天才。)

Thinking back to the me who was struggling to learn the Shijima Style, I chuckled.

Although older than myself, he is only just realising the joy of having a disciple.

Looking on at Chester boasting about his disciple, my amazed expression broke into a smile.

「Without a doubt, this kid will surpass me. The moment I realized that, I was so intrigued. It's a problem of age. Say, can you guess who he is?」
(TL: Actual sentence is 無性に嬉しくなっちまってな, but asexual happiness doesn't really make sense to me so…)

…. Isn't that going too far?

Chester had a smile plastered on his face like that of a child.

Who is this man? His face is goofier than usual. Did I really lose to this guy…

Where did the meek atmosphere from earlier go… it's like become a fool.

He was speaking almost as if he was reminiscing about a loved one. His grandfather story continued ….. I can only sigh.

「There's no way I would know… Besides, I have only recently learnt the elven language, and I don't even know anything about the world since 30 years ago. Plus it's unlikely I would have any knowledge of your disciple what with you laying underground (figuratively) this whole time.」

「Dayona (Is that so), you don't know huh, then let me tell you! Listen!?」

How troublesome. He wasn't that this before……. he used to be like a sharpened blade.

Now he's almost like a dog with its fangs extracted. He's just like a grandfather reminiscing about his grandchild…

……Grandchild?

「It's my grandchild! He picks up every technique I teach him, and having succeeded in learning each technique, hearing「Grandpa」is such a wonderful thing. It's so cute!」

Well, grandchild huh….?

Did this guy just say grandchild?

Seeing my nemesis in such a senile disposition speaking such unexpected words really hurts my head.

It's like a master, or so I thought ー or a reason it gave me such an impression. (TL: まるで師匠の様な、と思ったが――同じ印象を与える理由があったと言うのか。)

No wait, in the first place… in the first place this guy…

「You were married??」

「Oh? You didn't know, it has been for quite some time. Well such things happen」

…. I never heard of it.

I thought he was a man who thought only of martial arts, but to think he was married and had children….

And not to mention he has a grandchild too…. somehow, I'm getting a headache.

「And then, this grandchild…」

「No wait, hang on. Will this take long? If it takes too long, I'm afraid I must excuse myself.」

「I see, though I was just getting to the good part…」

The so called doting grandfather (TL: Making a guess here 孫馬鹿). Having experienced being a teacher once, I hold out my palm to halt him.

This「Grandfather (Osofu chan)」story will definitely take a long time. It's not that I don't have patience, rather the conversation's length tests my confidence in my patience.

In a teacher and a disciple setting, a teacher's words must be silently listened to, but if it's Chester, that's a different story. I must prevent such a tragedy from repeating, absolutely.

「Ma~ii (Well fine). Let's get down to business. I have a request for you.」

I heave a sigh of relief, having somehow stopped him from rambling on.

But… a request, huh/ If it's not too troublesome then it should be fine but…

「…. And if I refuse?」

「I'll expose you to Alma-jouchan. I expect your life would become much busier, wouldn't it? You will probably be unable to train as freely, would you?」

Kuso (s***), brandishing people's weaknesses merrily.

I already knew. There would be no choice but to comply anyways. From the start, I could only pray that the request would not be too troublesome.

「Just shoot. Don't be too unreasonable though.」

「It's hardly unreasonable. Returning to the previous topic..」

「….Make it brief」

Apprarently, the request had something to do with his grandchild.

Now that he mentions it, I wonder if his grandson is fine with it. He may be alive, but at such an age, isn't it queer? (TL: No idea 生きていてもおかしくは無い年齢だと思うが。) (TL: Assuming it's a male *hint hint*) (ED wannada~)

Distracted with thoughts that only give me a headache, I consider my plans for the future.

That troublesome fellow grasped my weakness….. from now on I'll have all kinds of nuisances pushed upon me.

At least I'm still attending school for now so I might be pardoned……. but even then I am unclear as to how to deal with this problem.

Well whatever. Anyways for now I need to resolve this problem.

「As I have been saying, this kid is the crème de la crème. Well, even though he isn't steadily mastering the Prime Style…… the problem is that this brat is a little too strong. There's no one of the same age who can match up to him.」

….. Fumu? (Hmmm) I see.

Having said so much, I can pretty much guess at what he is requesting.

It doesn’t seem as troublesome as I envisioned it to be.

That said, I’ll finish listening to his request. Truly, this grandchild is quite troublesome.

「So here’s my request…. just once in a while, I would like you to challenge him. No matter his strength, he’s still nowhere as strong as us yet. The only kid I know who can match against him, is you.」

The request was as expected.

Befriend my grandchild or I’ll burn your hand.

……yare yare, he’s become quite mellow.

However, babysitting huh? Well, I guess there’s no choice, but even then I feel uneasy.

「…. I’ll accept the request if it’s just this much. And stop it with the 「osufu chan」.」

「Say whatever you want. When you have a grandchild, you won’t be any different. I have picked this life with great efforts. A life of solitude is lonely. (TL: I honestly think there’s a typo idk 一生独身なんて寂しい真似はせんほうが良いぜ？) Somehow marriage isn’t such a bad thing.」

「Is that so.」

「Yes」

Seeing my amazed expression, Chester laughed heartily.

Having a grandchild, will make you so mellow huh?

My appearance. Chester's heart.

Both having changed immensely, we engaged in a chatter.

As we sat around the fire, known as the duel, we renew our friendship until dawn breaks.

(TL: I can't think of a suitable sentence in english, but basically the fire they sat around was also imagery for the duel, or the conclusion of the duel.)

Chapter 11 - The White Girl

My jaw dropped. Before my eyes lies a building so massive, it wouldn't be an understatement to describe it as stretching and expanding.

It's been less than a week since the duel. Taking advantage of the 2 resting days of the week, I am visiting Chester's mansion.

Although I am just visiting …. this is quite unexpected.

It's certainly a mansion, but this mansion possesses a size surpassing common sense. I grumbled,

「……What bad taste」

「Don't say that, I was young back then, only seeking extravagant things.」

Even as a joke, it may have been impolite to describe someone's house as "bad taste", but it was my honest opinion, so there was no choice.

A mansion of that size must house a considerable amount of rooms.

How many of those rooms are even in use? It's likely that most of these rooms have not been slept in.

I don't even intend to mention the road made entirely of gold, but this truly is a waste of money.

One of the precepts of a martial artist is to reduce on excess. Although it's not something that I will say, such a wasteful expenditure is something I'll never approve of.

「Maa, don't bother with the details. Didn't you often say that your time is limited? Enter, enter.」(TLN: まァ家のこたぁ良いだろう)

While nudging my stumped figure, Chester laughs with that foolish

face.

…… Uumu, yet he's actually a master, this old idiot…… having a grandchild makes even someone like him so mellow, huh?

The image of my previous self cradling a grandchild with a stupid look surfaces in my mind.

…… No. At the very least, I probably won't turn out like that. Rather, I don't want to become like that.

My spine froze from the disgust I felt of the image of myself,

I walked down the extensive path to the mansion, albeit reluctantly, and caught sight of a woman standing before the entrance.

She was an impressive lady with hair woven with tea and body dressed in the so-called maid attire.

「We have been expecting you, Chester-sama.」

「Oo, my bad. This kid is quite hesitant. ….. Introducing our head maid, Rinetto.」

「Name's Rinetto Myuu. Delighted to make your acquaintance, Slava-sama.」

While addressing me, she raises the sides of her skirt and curtsies.

…… She knows my name huh? Who else has Chester been divulging this information to…

To this bad friend with the foolish look, I shot a glare at him and interrogated him.

Even then, Chester doesn't break his smile and his expression remains nonchalant.

「This one is knowledgeable of everything. But worry not, for I have ordered her to never utter a word, even in death.」

「As it is Chester-sama's order, it is also mine to obey. This time, my master has imposed upon you and has been under your care. Please accept my sincere apologies for all inconvenience caused. On behalf of my master, I would also like to express my gratitude.」

「Not at all, I've been in your care.」

How exactly have I been "caring" for him?

....No, after I was defeated, he even took care of me and prepared food..... this is a failure of my lifetime.

But I don't intend to remain as the defeated one. Someday, I will recompense him.

I admit to my loss here, but I'll definitely return this debt. (TLN: 負けを認めはしたが、借りを返さずにいられるほど老成してはおらぬぞ、私はな。)

.....Oops. Remembering last week's loss irks me. Let's return the favour.

「F***ing old man. ..... Rinetto-dono probably slaves for his sake, taking care of that guy must be a burden.」

「I've gotten used to it, though I appreciate your concern.」

Speaking from appearance, Rinetto would probably be in her mid 20s in human terms.

At the very least, her appearance speaks of an age similar to that of Alma's. Inferring her age to be older than my true age, I speak with deference to her.

From the Elven perspective, having amassed a hundred years is still considered youth ..... In human terms, it would be around 20 years at

most.

……. Really, it reminds me once again of this peculiar trait of the race known as the elves.

In this world, races like the Beast people and Majin (魔人) (TLN: warlock/magus) that have been classified as humanoids are numerous, but the only race that possesses such longevity is the elves.

To squander such a long life, wastefully passing each day would simply be such a waste. Or so I thought, but for someone like Chester to appear (?) …. even I am baffled.

I was of the opinion that Elves were full of riddles. Even after becoming becoming an elf myself, I am still full of doubts.

「Now, the young lady is waiting. She's probably reaching the limits of her patience soon. Chester-sama, please make haste and show your face.」

「Ou ou, say something more pleasant. Where is Cheryl?」(TLN: 嬉しいこと言ってくれるねぇ)

「The young lady is in her room. Rasuba and Nishura are appeasing her, but we shouldn't keep her waiting too long. Quickly.」

「Those guys work too hard every time. Let's get going Slava, lest our princess throws a tantrum.」

「No need to push me. I can walk by myself.」

I will probably come to understand it in time.

Since my previous life, I have become a member of a race which I don't comprehend.

But I have plenty of time to come to understand it. Yes, so much so that my previous life pales in comparison.

Apparently, this grandchild seems attached to the old man.

Unlike Chester, the unknown grandchild has no fault. Let's try to repay the senile「Osufu-chan (Grandpa-chan)」.

I shrugged my body while shaking off the annoying hand on my back and walked ahead of Chester.

「Oh? Finally becoming enthusiastic huh?」

It's just that I've made up my mind.

After returning his question with a sigh, he chortled and led me to the room.

….. But well, he must have a spent quite a sum of money.

As I walked, I caught sight of the numerous eye-piercing vases and paintings with poor taste.

Uneducated in the field of arts, I am unsure of the details. But I have an inkling that I have seen these paintings before, and they are likely all genuine pieces.

He mentioned that he practiced martial arts in order to earn money, but most of that gold seems to be spent on trivial things… Fumu (Hmm), if I had an abundance of money, I wonder how I would use it..

A larger house would be nice, a minimum of equipment, and enough space for a futon would be ideal.

My hobbies…… nothing that requires money. Now that I think about it, other than training, what other hobbies do I have?

Meals are average, I've never had lavish meals. In order to achieve a balanced diet as a master, I tended to avoid meat (TLN: does not imply he is vegetarian, but more of a bias), and declined extravagant meals.

……. Uumu, even after thinking about it, I can't really think of other ways to spend such an amount of money.

In comparison, I guess I am a lonely old man, huh?

At 12 years old, I have no interests or hobbies other than training. I feel a slight existential crisis.

Other than aiming to be the strongest, I have no desire for other ways to spend my spare time – isn't this really bad?

Reflecting on how bland I am compared to Chester, I leaked a sigh.

「……. Is it that much trouble? Refrain from doing that in front of my grandchild. Hora (here), we've arrived.」

「No it's not like that, maa, I'll try my best.」

Chester who caught me sigh guessed at what I was thinking but – somehow noticing my state of defeat, he swallowed his words.

This is different. Yes, there's only one hobby that can excite me. In order to give an excuse, I stand beside Chester. (TLN: これは違う。そう、ただ一つの趣味に夢中になっているだけなのだ。言い訳するようにして、チェスターに並び立つ。)

In that moment.

An intense killing atmosphere bubbled across my skin. (ED: Japanese ¯_(ツ)_/¯) The sudden appearance of strong magic in the direction of the door strengthened my vigilance.

「Aah, we're late.」

「Is this your grandchild's magic?」

「Yeah, it's only 15 but it's quite strong it's quite strong isn't it?」 (TLN: Genderless)

A strong magic stained with anger without any intention to hold back.

For a 15 year old child, this is too huge. But for those who have accumulated months and years of magic, it's too sloppy.

It's like a torrent of magic power was let loose. My face distorted to form a bitter expression.

I see. Certainly, if she's only 15, she is brimming with potential.

Truly, this must have excited Chester. It's a tide of dense negative feelings. The Shijima Style which emphasized flowing silence never had much problems with having successors, but the prime style that is contingent on the intent to destroy might have problems with succession as few with such aptitude appear often.

Shooting a glance at Chester laughing, a sudden crushing sound reaches my ear. Turning my face to the sound that caught my attention – I saw a door flying towards us.

….. Well well, seems like quite a wild-tempered grandchild.

It's probably the owner of the room (Chester's grandchild) who shot the door over here with a light punch.

That's quite a greeting, or so I was about to complain to the master of the house as I saw in my peripheral, hidden behind the door, a person was flying through the air.

Looking closely, a male and a female flew towards us in a similar fashion.

Assassins, was what I suspected, but these people appear to have lost consciousness. It's probably the owner of the room who caused that. I composed myself and primed myself to catch the flying woman.

Clad in a maid uniform was a woman slightly younger than Rinetto. This

must have been「Nishura」of the 2 mentioned earlier. Then the man must be Rasuba, huh?

While the woman was falling, I looked towards Chester, but noticed that Chester did not catch Rasuba.

Shifting my gaze, I see a well-built man dressed in a tailcoat stuck in the wall having fainted.

「Shouldn't you have caught him? He's your servant right?」

「If it was a woman, I would have been happy to do so, but I have no interest in hugging a guy. More importantly…. Ooi, Cheryl! Your osufu-chan(grandpa-chan) has returned!」

How very like Chester……. now that I think about it, has Chester always been like that?

Observing their attire, I deployed healing magic on the butler man and maid woman. They probably won't return to consciousness, but at least it should fix their wounds. Especially the poor man who was abandoned by his master.

Luckily for them, their wounds were minor. Both seemed to have trained their body well, they're probably used to it already. Poor things.

After offering a silent prayer to the pitiful servants who were stuck with such a callous master, I took a step into the room following behind Chester.

The master of the room who sent them flying and the grandfather who abandoned the servants. I set foot in the room in which those two were waiting.

…….. The appearance of the room was in a nutshell, odd.

Firstly, the most striking thing would be the colour scene that the girl chose.

Pale pink and white, such colours dominated the wallpaper and furnishings, suiting the tastes of a young girl.

If it was only thus, that would hardly be strange. Given a choice, any girl of this age would certainly design their rooms similarly.

What's bizarre, is that almost all of the furnishings were destroyed.

A stuff-toy rabbit vivisected in five parts, broken pillars, a bed on a canopy. (ED: Canopy in a room?) With almost everything in a state of disrepair, counting the number of complete furnishings was an easier task.

This... if I didn't know that she was alone and that she had a violent personality, I would have assumed that a fight took place. (ED: Inferred) Can I really become friends with her? I exhaled deeply while observing the grandfather-grandchild pair embracing in the midst of this tragedy.

Not to worry, my acquaintance with this grandpa and grandchild is merely a temporary and casual gesture. (TLN: なんてことない、これから付き合いの長くなる爺とその孫を視界に収める事を目的としただけの、何気ない仕草。) ..... but I'm troubled. The appearance of the young girl hugging Chester, is unexpected.

Brown, black, red, green were colors often seen in the human world. Elven countries had more gold and silver.

People like Alma who had blue hair did exist, but in the Elf's land, it was mostly silver and golden hair.

The young girl was white in color.

Not silver, but chalk that has yet to lose its shade.

In the human and elven world, it was not uncommon for the elderly to have white hair.

Yet this young girl has white hair at such a young age, and more than anything, it seems to be chalk. Pure, snow white chalk.

Having set foot in the room, the girl who made Chester grin like an idiot, locked her eyes with mine.

Her eyes were bright crimson cherries redder than fresh blood. (ED: Added cherry for imagery) As I thought, there's no mistake.

…… I see. That explains the ability to release such magic power.

「Osufu-chan…… who is this kid…..?」 (ED: Cheryl)

I never dreamt of such a horrible scene.

The young girl that gave off a broken impression (?) inquired about my identity.

「Nnn? This guy…… Osufu-chan's friend, the one I said you would be meeting, Slava Marshal…… Allow me to introduce you to Slava. This is my granddaughter, Cheryl Prime. My stupid son married a female majin (ED: Magus/Warlock) and conceived her, a half-elf. Naa, Cheryl. Shake hands as proof of friendship.」

Majin. The magic race was hated and despised, painted as a cruel and brutal race. Their speciality was their blood red eyes seemingly stained with their enemies' blood, and a pure white that rejects the need for any other colors.

In the past, they weren't known as the majin, but in order to make them

appear less heinous, they were crowned the word「Magic」(TLN: 魔). They were inherently a war race.

Having heard Chester's words, Cheryl's face splits into a malevolent grin.

…… There's no mistake. As he mentioned, majin blood flows in her veins.

A fragile impression (?) and a sadistic smile that seemed to speak「Where might you be going?」.

Like a sun (?), a natural albino – the young girl that carried a fake evanescence (?), departed from Chester and walked towards me. (TLN: 陽光などものともせぬ生来のアルビノ――偽りの儚さを持った少女が、チェスターの手から降り、私へと歩み寄ってくる。)

「I…… Cheryl Prime……」

With an appearance no different than mine, the young girl had a bewitching (?) smile unsuited for a 15 year old. (ED: The author has weird diction, or it's Japanese.) I stretched out my hand to shake hers. She grabbed my hand with an unfathomable force.

I'm unable to sense malice, and this only serves to terrify me. There's no pain, but the overly friendly greeting brings a sense of alarm.

「Slava Marshall. My regards.」

「Handshake…… too long」

Cheryl's smile seemed to be mixed with childishness.

Unlike previously, she had a girlish smile.

If you were to grab an untrained kid's hand with such strength, it would

have crippled.

Given her age, I wonder just how much she'll grow. Chester mentioned that she would eventually exceed him and I was shocked but…… it seems like he's not just a doting grandfather.

To train my grandchild using my formal rival. (TLN: 我が孫の育成に、かつての好敵手を使うとは剛毅な事よな。) I may have been too rash in agreeing.

「Osufu-chan…… I want to play with Slava-chan…… if it's this kid, he probably won't break.」(TLN: Ooohhhh shit) (ED: Hajime!)「Ouou, it's fine to use your full strength. Slava won't mind right?」

Chester paid no heed to his grandchild's dangerous words.

…… Now that I think about it, I may have forgotten that this guy used to be the manager of the underground martial arts world.

This is bad, the underground world is ……

「Don't worry about it and come.」

Well, it's true that I'm eager to clash fists with the genius whom Chester recognizes.

There's no way I will lose, and seeing a person who possesses talent is not something I dislike.

Also, someone like Chester is around so it should be fine but……

「Fufu, hahahah….! Slava-kun, yoroshiku…..?」(TL: Yoroshiku means something along the lines of "Please take care of me".)

Wielding polished martial arts but lacking a foe of equal standing, is a

lonely thing.

With this amount of latent magic, no one of our age can probably compare.

Unfortunately, I don't intend to lose on purpose, or produce a "close match" – it won't achieve my goal.

Similar to the atmosphere felt previously, I sensed her excited agitation. It's said that children are innocent, rather than killing intent, it's more of an aggressive feeling.

Standing behind the smiling, sparkling eyes Cheryl, stood a satisfied Chester with folded arms.

Really, old man. You've attracted some interesting people.

I revealed a slight smile pondering the future growth of this young sapling.

「Just now, I came so..... hurry up and come....?」 (TLN: 先、行ってるから..... 早く来てね.....？ I think she's just high) (ED: not to be taken out of context)

Without any mention of her destination, Cheryl flew out of the room.

This is my first time in the mansion, so I've no idea where to head to. If I ask this old man, he'll probably have an idea, maii (TLN: whatever).

However, before I could speak a word.

「Discipline her properly, Chester..... If you pamper her too much, she won't be able to mature. Also, what's with the appearance of this room? Shouldn't you be scolding her for her tantrums?」

I have no inkling about her upbringing but the devastating state of the room is simply abnormal.

There's no reason to hit the servants because Chester was late.

It unintentionally became a sermon, but what must be done must be done.

「Those words are painfully true…… You……. occasionally, you're even more of an old man that me aren't you?」

「That's only because what I'm saying is obvious. In fact, if it doesn't, I'll be troubled.」

My sermon was interrupted and continued by Rinetto.

(ED: I'm as disappointed as you are.)

Chapter 12: Heaven's Ability Part 1

I was at Chester's house, and the place that Cheryl had told me to wait at was the courtyard of Chester's residence.

Courtyard, when you hear that word, you would think of flowers inside——it seems to be to the tastes of the master of the mansion——but it was empty, designed for flashy movements. Compared to the gorgeous landscape of Chester's mansion, this one area was terribly bland.

However, the ground was leveled well, with enough space to exercise if one wanted to, and was the most suitable place for a fight.

Under the blue sky, it could be said to be drab.

Without hiding her bloodthirst, the white girl stood in the center of the yard.

「....Slow.」(TLN: Can mean late too)

What happened to the innocence from a while ago? The bloodthirst being emitted would have made someone else submit if they didn't have a certain degree of strength.

....Fumu, maybe I should give a longer sermon to Chester.

Chester and this girl were really similar; they get easily agitated when someone is slow. It seems like it runs in the blood.

「Sorry to make you wait. However, you didn't tell me about the destination?」

But, after all, she was only 15. Even though I was like this right now, I still had strength comparable to her grandfather.

It was like the duel between Chester and I. You couldn't be daunted by the degree of difficulty.

While I was contemplating without minding her state, Cheryl's eyes flared up in anger.

....This child really has intense mood swings.

「That is....I mean, uh.

....I'm sorry?」

I, who was instantly looked at with bloodthirst, was a little startled.

They say that a woman's heart changes very easily, but this is just overkill.

Really, Chester didn't teach her anything. The future seems worrying.

「....Ne.」(TL: Hey)

「Mu? What?」

(To be continued…)

(Rather, wait for Wandering)

Chapter 12: Heaven's Ability Part 2

I managed to squeeze out a few lines, though it's been really busy these days. Sorry about this, I hope you all can forgive this!

Yareyare, after I dispelled a cold breath, I noticed that Cheryl's red eyes met with mine.

She tilted her head, her face showing an inquiring expression.

「Slava-kun is strong….?」

Well then, how to answer.

Although I had enough confidence that my strength was strong to a certain extent, this strength wasn't enough, if I were asked.

….Above all else, I had just suffered a defeat from Chester.

Strong, I couldn’t be called that.

While I was searching for an answer to give to her curiosity, Chester walked up to me.

What do you intend to do. While looking at Chester with suspicious eyes and this thought, he put his hand on my shoulder.

「Strong. Therefore, put all your energy into this, Cheryl.」

To this unexpected action, my eyes unintentionally opened wide.

That’s too much of a stretch, isn’t it?

Though, I knew I had troubles with my unyielding spirit.

As far as I knew, I had just gotten the official guarantee of the strongest man in history. Even so, I didn’t grow timid.

「Aa, I’m strong. Therefore, don’t hesitate.」(TL: Hold back)

Making this compromise, I walked a bit, leaving some distance between us, and took up a stance.

Cheryl, who looked at both Chester and my face, smiled a bitter smile.

「….Is that so, I’ll be looking forward to it.」(TL: “Sokka”, the first part of

this, is said in a rhetorical way, as if mocking herself.)

Cheryl's cheeks then split open, just like a crescent moon.

As expected from a Majin. Their radar for the smell of blood is something they excel in.

Murderous intent——the same type a child would release when killing an insect. Such a pure and evil intent and aggressive smile were given out by Cheryl that you wouldn't have believed that this was the same girl from a while ago who looked innocent.

——Weakness of the whole body. To change the body into a whip, while punching with the left fist, as if it weren't enough, this was Chester's handed-down version of the「Primo Style」.

This was the first person to take up this stance that wasn't Chester, in my lifetime. No, my second lifetime.

However——this posture was more than what I had expected from a 15 year old.

There was a dark aura, magical power surrounding her like a muddy stream and a stance——surpassing perfection——but still not even halfway from Chester's perfect posture.

Of course, it was because I had fought Chester for such a long time, so I could see that there was some roughness in the stance.

But——

「（Still, that's some terrifying talent.）」

If the person were a normal Martial Art expert, then he or she may not have been able to overcome this girl.

Innate talent.

「Come at me.」

Seriously, I found something really interesting.

If this was my grandchild, I might not stop laughing.

Speaking of 15 years old, I had yet to encounter the arts of the「Shijima Style」. Having a mentor to study under really made me a bit envious.

「——Go.」

But, still.

If this was the me of my previous existence, I would have been jealous of the ability of this 'next generation'.

But now, I'm also one of the Martial Artists of the 'next generation' now.

The goal of reaching the realm of the strongest──mine.

Chesters' inherited skill came at me, only to accurately graze my cheek.

I probably wouldn't have received damage, had I used all my magical power. However, there wouldn't be anything in it for me, had I won due to difference in magical power.

I must win in terms of ability(skill) when fighting someone with「Martial Art」capcity. This was what my mentor always used to say.

That's why, I want this to become a match which only tested our ability(skill).

Putting out my fist, I took up a posture as if I were creeping. (TL: Like a tiger when hunting prey)

Sky-Cutting Fist. The move that the「Primo Style」had used to finish off many opponents in one round. Because the fist that usually brought sure victory was dodged, Cheryl's countenance was stained with slight surprise. (TLN: 'Sky-Cutting Fist', sorry for the chuuni-like name. This was probably the only way to make it sound 'cool' and shorten it.)

But, it was only for an instant. Certainly, it was one of the「Primo Style」's strong fist attacks, but it wasn't the only one. (TLN: Here's the Google Translate for the second sentence…"It is in the certainly prime flow duel surgery with a strong first attacks, but Thus it is not a martial art only

Hatsu撃 excellent.")

That single strong blow retracted, as if it were never used, and the strange illusion of two, three fists came at me; this was the true essence of the「Primo Style」.

The girls' fist looked delicate, her fair-skinned slender body bending, as if it were a whip･･･.

The blow had been retracted returned at a tap of a heel, as if it were a dream, a trick──nonchalance and laughter, both feelings that could be felt from the girl's fist. (TL: I need help with this line...)

It isn't used to me.

It certainly was fast. As a person who pursued「Martial Arts」, the speed, as well as mind-game were all evidently there.

However, I have already seen where it's going. It was nothing more than elaborate trickery...to me.

「──Eh?」

Chapter 12 [Part 3]

Bending even further from my bent posture, I brought my right elbow

low, low enough to touch the ground, and took a low posture.

When a punch is thrown, there's no way to stop the body from continuing forward following the fist's inertia.

So, if that's the case.

In case an obstacle is interposed before the feet, it's inevitable to trip.

Due to her own inertia, Cheryl's posture collapsed forwards.

Bound by her body that had lost its freedom, her chalk-white hair swayed.

However, she's Chester's pupil. Promptly rearranging her stance with her astounding sense of balance, she threw a punch with her left.

「——Ha, nice.」

To regain awareness when her field of view swayed at high speed, while totally unprepared, and even turn into counterattack deserves praise.

However, her body was still in the process of regaining its balance.

A punch forcibly thrown from a broken stance can be regarded as easy as stealing candy fro a baby for someone from Shijima [Style].(jogelotr: That last one is a pun. To receive an attack can be said in Japanese "to eat" an attack, so by using "gochisou" from "gochisousama deshita" he's saying that it does no harm and is even welcomed, something easy to avoid, deflect or counter)

I, instead of using my right hand to balance myself, used it to stop the

left fist coming at me.

This was because if I did this, I wouldn't be able to stop the bold move fully, but I would be able to change the direction of the power coming at me.

The fist of the girl, no matter what kind of magical power or weight was behind it, it would be something. However, now that it's been shot off in a collapsing state, the fist doesn't amount to much.

Without any trickery, it was just a simple fist. Gradually, weight was building, but it was still incomplete, then I pulled the fist lightly.

If this was the fist of Chester, the fist would have definitely have had weight when it was exposed, but it seems that the inexperienced Cheryl couldn't pull it off.

As a result, the sudden pulling of mine was unexpected and the expected payout of hers turned out to be herself on the floor at my feet.

No matter what kind of altitude control she had, the posture had originally been broken, and as a result, Cheryl went face-first into the lawn.

「──Tsu!?」

Of course, Cheryl was surprised.

Not to mention me, who returned the skill, even Chester was able to predict what the result was going to be halfway in without missing the flow of the match.

Therefore, the only one who didn't understand what happened was Cheryl.

If this was a duel, then I would have crushed the head and it would have been over, but this was a match after all, so I didn't.

Without counterattacking, Cheryl got up holding her nose.

From the porcelain skin, something drips from the nose.

While trying to subdue the blood coming from her nose with her fingers, blood droplets stained the ground red.

「Aah, Cheryl, right now… Haven't you lost?」

Somehow or other, it doesn't look like his usual pampering.

Cheryl wiped her nose in a manner that showed that she didn't know what had just happened, and turned around towards Chester.

….After all, a Martial Artist is a sadist through and through. It would do

no good if one wasn't harsh, even if it was towards ones' grandchild.

Oh, I intentionally didn't stop as well. ──At any rate, Chester said not to stop.

「Lie, I didn't lose. ....I'm still standing.」

「He has allowed you to stand up, pathetic. This guy, if he felt like it, could have smashed your head with a stomp, you know?

How shameful, how shameful, don't you understand that?」

Plain anger surfaced in Cheryl's emotionless face.

... From that smile, some childishness could also be felt.

What surfaced from her, who was somewhat detached from the world, was a very real anger.

──A gust of wind blows.

An unpleasant wind, both warm and full of moisture.

A wind that was too strong, that although it was outdoors, it still hit the tall walls of the courtyard and run up them.

From the body of Cheryl, massive amounts of magical power(energy) raged on. (TLN: Will be interchanging them.)

I see. So this was the reason I was given permission to offend.

「You have a bad hobby, old man.」

「Hahahakakakka! Bu~t, isn't this great? Really super great?」

Be silent, old man. Even while complaining, I didn't take my eyes off Cheryl.

....It couldn't be compared to a while ago, this storm of magical energy.

Strangely, the magical power was now furiously raging.

If one were to say that the magical power emitted earlier was a muddy stream, then it was now a waterfall.

In complete disarray from genuine anger——they said that Majin raise their magical power by arousing their spirits, but to such an extent?

「——Do it slowly and gently so that it won't snap. It's okay, it's okay.」

Laughing while angry, it seems like she's snapped.

Giving out my impression on her state, I was in an innocent state of high spirits, as if I forgotten.

This was the reason why Majins were all hated.

When directed with such pure murderous intent, one would shrink in fear.

That is, if one were a normal person.

Chapter 12 [Part 4]

Being that I was a Martial Artist, I was fairly happy about it.

Unlike the single blow from before, which was like a taste-test, there was a clear urge to kill and enormous magical power running amok behind the fist.

Speaking of the quantity magical power, it should be comparable to Almas'. An amount of magical power that was second to none.

It was nothing in comparison to Chester, but I would be foolish if I underestimated the power of the blow.

If that power was to used on the jaws, it could knock out the opponent.

Well, this was all hypothetical.

The fists' power undulated with the power of anger.

The speed and power of it was way faster than a while ago. Power

aside, if it was in terms of speed, it ranked somewhere around Chesters'.

But, it was quite obvious where the fist was going.

The「Primo Style」that possesses the complexity of a snake.

With this she becomes a machine that will just deliver the best punch.

I dealt with, parried or outright nullified each an every one of the punches of her barrage.

To the me who was neutralizing all Cheryl's' blows, not allowing her a single decisive strike, she started to gradually smile.

「Ahahahaha! Great, why haven't you broken yet? Hey, why!?」

It seems like her heart has pleasant feelings, but there's that unmistakable underlying murderous intent behind every single blow.

....Fumu. Although there weren't going to be any outside interventions, isn't this too much.

This isn't the type of insanity that a girl in her tender years should be able to emit.

Once this is over, I'm going to have to complain to Chester.

Now then, let’s end this as gently as possible.

Tired, I launched a zero-to-maximum velocity punch with held-back「Strength(勁)」.

The explosion of magical power hit Cheryl’s’ stomach, blowing her body away.

It’s a punch that squashes the internal organs, though not to the extent of leaving injury.

I should make one feel such an agony so as to make them want to writhe about on the floor, but——even so, Cheryl kicked herself up from the ground without showing any concern.

The distance that was created by my blow shrinked in a moment, and Cheryl’s fist finally moved.

——Just right. Show me what you’ve got.

I pulled out all the power from my right arm, from the shoulders to the fingertips.

As if a thread was cut, the fist fell out of posture.

Due to our childish bodies, our ranges overlapped.

Just when I put myself into range, Cheryl's left arm melted into thin air.

I have good eyes. Seeing everything inside my range in this situation, that's「Vision」.

However, I couldn't perceive Cheryl's fist that melt into thin air.

But, the fist of Cheryl's that melted in the sky, hit empty air.

Echoing——dry sound, as if a balloon popped.

When Cheryl's fist came down, simultaneously——Cheryl, fell slowly towards the lawn.

I, swinging my fist, came up as the victor.

Why didn't Cheryl's fist hit me?

——It's a simple story.

「Slava, you bastard… That punch right now…!」

My fist hit, with it's target as Cheryl's chin, of all things.

Acceleration from nothing to the highest speed. Original instantaneous countering, with a shining fist, I countered it.

So——

「Wasn't that my「Vanishing Transparent Fist」...?」

「Primo Style」's secret art.

The extreme of nothing produced from weakness.

Originally, the「Vanishing Transparent Fist」was supposed to be used by the whole body, but under my tutelage, I changed it into what could be called the「Slava Style」.

「Since I was only using it on my arm, the power and speed would be inferior to yours.

Also, I can release it with both hands.

——With this difference, should I name it「Evening Snake」?」

The single blow, like a snake dissolving its body in the darkness of the night.

I imitated it, from「Shijima Style」's one step「Rigid(剛)」fist.

Showing off such a bad imitation, it agonized me.

Once I knew the theory behind it, I could imitate it.

As expected, it was inferior in terms of speed when compared to Chester, but it was enough to take care of a young girl if I imitated it and used it effectively.

Fumu, to give myself a good reputation and scare the old fool who had a score with my「Shijima Style」, it only took 10 minutes.

I carried Cheryl, who had fallen on my stomach, using both hands.

Although the power when using only the arm fell short of the [State of Passing Through], it was still able to kill if it landed on the head.

「To be able to receive my fist, be unhurt, and automatically counter it…」

I approached Chester with Cheryl, who was unconscious and looked like a girl her age, in my embrace.

Carrying her in the so-called 'Princess-style hug', Chester began to tremble all over.

….As expected, did I go too far? But if I hadn't knocked her out, it would've gone on forever.

Now then, how will I excuse myself out of this situation?

I was thinking, while gently embracing Cheryl, when Chester suddenly erupted.

「Baaaaastard! This was a trick I painstakingly made in order to deal with you! Idiot!」

....What?

What did this guy just say right now?

Maa, whatever. I wonder if the matter with his granddaughter is okay.

It was surely a situation that wouldn't have stopped if I hadn't stopped it. I wonder if there was an understanding in this area.

....But, this should be overlooked.

「Ha! If I see it and experience it, I can learn it, to this extent!

If it was so important, then you should've kept it under lock and key!」

「Aaaa!? You incompletely imitated it and knocked her out, you little shit!

It shouldn't have been used on Cheryl, how about we settle this !?」

An adult who was old enough to know better, raised a huge clamor.

There are no exclusive rights to tricks, so what are you grumbling about, old man.

A situation where we stepped closer and closer to each other.

This decades-old quarrel lead to waking up Cheryl and making Chester to turn back to a senile old man. (jorgelotr: Meaning is that he went back into that doting old man)

Chapter 13 [Part 1] - The Girl Named Cheryl

「....Eh, what kind of situation is this?」

Trying to catch up and organize my head, I grumbled so in a deadpan voice,

I defeated Cheryl with「Evening Snake」and argued with Chester because he was saying that I stole the technique, waking Cheryl up——

Umu, certainly there were some circumstances, but how did it come to this point?

Right now, I——no, we are sitting in the dining room of Chester's residence. After the match, I was invited for a meal and walked down a long corridor and came here.

With such an elaborate floor plan, and many works of art that were full of the beauty of an elf, I wondered if this old man was really still an elf.

However, this was downright wasted space. In this dining room, there were three people sitting down; Chester, Cheryl, and I. That is to say, it was going to be a pain to count the number of seats in this dining room, as there were too many chairs to count. (TLN: He said 3 people sitting down because he was too lazy to say 3/xxx chairs or something. Or so I presume.)

Though I don't know how many times I thought of this mansion, it is

really a waste.

….Iya, I'll stop it. (TLN: His ranting.)

The way one spends one's money is up to oneself. Although it certainly wasn't my hobby, I don't dare criticize it anymore, as long as one thought it was worth it.

Above all──

「Guu….Cheryl, can you let go of that guy and come sit next to ojii-chan?」

「No….I don't want to leave Slava-kun's side….」

When I tried to think of measures to overcome this situation, nothing came to mind.

Towards me, who was being embraced by Cheryl, Chester could only look at me murderously and grit his teeth, bitter tears seemingly about to come out at any moment.

….Really, what is this. It's like I'm in hell.

「Oi Slava~aaaaa….! That's annoying you?

That's why, Cheryl, get away from Slava──」

「No. Slava-kun isn't unpleasant, I don't want to let go....」

While pinching my cheeks, Cheryl stuck her tongue out towards Chester.

The grip gradually strengthened, and was now enough to strangle a bear to death.

....It's good to be tempered. The status right now was something along the lines of a bad comedy, but I was a very ordinary boy, so this was bound to end up in tragedy.

Maa, the gaze of Chester, who had his granddaughter stolen away, was already a murderer's gaze.

If Chester explodes in this kind of situation, it will become troublesome.

I want to go return to the dormitory of the academy, but the right now....

「Fufu, as expected, Slava isn't broken....good....」

The girl who was clinging onto me like a cat was indeed, as expected, was unbearable.

....Though I felt that this was more of a lion than cat when thinking about the power being used.

It was a power used to strangle someone to death, but there wasn't any malicious intent coming from Cheryl. If this was done subconsciously, then was it really necessary to be in contact with someone.

「Chester~yo, shouldn't you pay more attention to your granddaughter?」

「It can't be helped that I'm always moving around....trying to shamelessly tell me that....!」

....This is useless. The intention behind the question wasn't transmitted.

Blood rushed to the head.

「Hey, Cheryl. Grandpa is feeling lonely.

How about you come over here?」

「....No. ....But, if Slava-kun thinks that, 'it's unpleasant'....

Slava-kun, do you dislike me....?」

I don't hate it, but it honestly is annoying.

Iya, but if I really do separate myself....Chester is bound to become troublesome without a doubt.

However, I cannot say it. This was because Cheryl finally——at least in appearance——had behavior fitting of her age. There should be some kind of reason as for why she had been influenced by insanity a while ago. I want to fill that in that gap in her heart and bury it.

「No, I do not dislike it....」

「....Then, I'll stay here.」

And thus, I couldn't peel her off.

....It's been said that a man can't win against females and tears, and even more so when it's a combination of both.

When I patted Cheryl's head, she blushed happily, and squinted in joy.

....And as a result, Chester gnashed his teeth when he witnessed it.

I should say what I want to do. Is this the「In a dilemma, unable to satisfy both sides」situation? Teacher's words, 'there are many things that one isn't accustomed to', really fit the situation right now.

If it was me from my youth, I wouldn't have paid attention to Cheryl at all, since my teacher would have just hit my mouth.

While reminiscing the old days, I half resigned myself. Saying it otherwise, can't I do anything else but reminisce the old days?... Pathetic.

「Please excuse me, your meal is──w, what is this situation」

Rinetto came in, wheeling a cart of food. Her first words when she came in were understandable, after all, the scene before her was hard to understand.

Ahh it doesn't matter, this was unexpected help. As long as there was a meal, I should be able to get away from Cheryl.

「Well done Rinetto! Hey Cheryl, the meal came.

How about you separate from that guy and go eat? Like, right now」

Chester now had a reason to pull the person with a doubt origin from his granddaughter, and Rinetto looked like the sun.

Okay, I can't eat a meal when you're embracing me.

A face devoid of sympathy turned towards my way. There was a wanting to see his grandchild not being swayed by my presence.

──But, Chester....no, both Chester and I knew that it was a weak request.

「Slava-kun feed me, please....」

With blushing cheeks, Cheryl said this calmly.

Chapter 13 [Part 2]

With blushed cheeks, Cheryl said so nonchalantly.

Chester's smile froze – just as I was contemplating on how to resolve this conflict, an unexpected attack came from Cheryl.

「..... I can't?」

Regarding my expression as one of refusal, Cheryl's face clouded.

The slight shyness that was present earlier, was absent in this girl's transient smile. The thought of Chester threatening ... 「You made Cheryl sad?!」 was acutely transmitted to me.

..... What do you want me to do ... (TLN: referring to Chester)

How should I solve this problem?

But, when those eyes stare into me, I can't seem to refuse.

「No, maa .... Damn it all .... 」

As soon as I answered, Cheryl's face bloomed like a flower.

…… Whatever happened that caused her to become so attached to me?

No, I understand. To have a friend of the same age, I'm likely the first one. (TLN: nope u don't)

Unlike our peers, my power was not inferior to hers, so the people she could interact with, other than Chester, was me alone.

Between the embarrassment and the gazes – the awfully tiring dinner was very much steadily progressing.

「She fell asleep」

I sighed as I caressed Cheryl's head, who was lying asleep on my lap.

Craziness (TLN: actual meaning is high spirits), eating, and then sleeping. The girl was carrying a gloomy air around her – yet looking at her now, she looks just like a simple child.

I grasp at a handful of her spectacular white silk (TLN: referring to her hair -_-).

Silver hair is not a rare sight for elves but, Cheryl's snow white hair was unique.

「She's become attached huh …. Isn't she cute?」

「…… Is that so」 (This should be slava)

Sitting next to Cheryl was Chester, casting a gentle gaze on her quietly sleeping figure.

It seems this guy has calmed down too. Mattaku, the existence known as grandchild is truly a frightening thing.

Just thinking of the friendly smile that was on Chester's face, made me want to vomit.

I can't believe that he would succumb to the stereotype of the 「Friendly Grandpa」.

「For Cheryl, to have someone of the same age play with her, is a first. (TLN: Guess MC took one of her "firsts")(ED: (;^__^)ツ☆(゜o゜)) She's caused a lot of trouble but, I hope you'll be tolerant towards her?」

「It's nothing to be concerned about. She just can't control her power well. Well, I'm just a little tired, that's it.」

What was on the quiet sleeping face of the young girl, was a smile.

A smile without madness (TLN: craziness? idk), unlike a predator hunting – it was an age-appropriate, smile of a young girl.

Too mighty a magic sometimes cause a distortion in a person's

character.

To carry such power also contributes to this.

If she didn't have that extent of power, she would probably have been a lovely ordinary girl.

「 ..... She's, a half elf and half magus, was what I said?」

With a tinge of bitterness in his expression, Chester began speaking in a low voice so as not to wake Cheryl up.

I returned with a nod.

「That idiot son of mine, managing to get a wife who is good but, when she gave birth to this child, she pushed herself too hard and .....

He wanted to abort Cheryl, so as to save her but, she said that no matter what she wanted to give birth to Cheryl so, just as the midwife warned us, she ....

But still my son loved this child. (ED: heads-up Tomoya) Even though the child provided him with no benefits, he brought her up without a mother. He was a decent guy, that kid.」

「 ..... Is that so? Then – 」

「Aa, my son has passed away too. (TLN: the feels) When this child was five years old, he said he would go to the mountains to get some vegetables, and then he fell off a cliff (TLN: -_-anti-climatic)(ED: inb4 plot twist). Cheryl, from a very young age she lost both her parents.」

Moistening his mouth with the teacup in his hand, Chester let out a small sigh.

His expression – in my 60 years of experience, was the first time I witnessed such sadness. (TLN: melancholy?)(ED: anguish?)

「Such is the story, losing her close ones at a young age, becoming alone at the age of five.

…. Then, the maternal side who took in the child – they, labeled her a taboo child.

In the first place, the maternal side was opposed to the marriage. I too, was repulsive. Acting unlike my age, and beating up everyone.

…. Well, that's fine (it actually says sore wa ii, but idk how to phrase)」

Chester gently narrowed his eyes, laying his hand on Cheryl's.

He was a man that was like a sharp blade, hurting anyone that touched him but, sometimes he can be like this too, huh?

After being affectionate with Cheryl for awhile, Chester cast a strong

gaze towards me.

His face too, was something I had never seen before. (TLN: “too” cos he never saw Chester’s gentle or sad side)

「Promise me. No matter what happens, I’ll leave this world before you do. When that time comes, don’t let this child be alone ….. 」

– When I entrusted Alma with the Shijima style, was I making such a face too I wonder.

A strong desire. For the sake of his precious grandchild, to make a request for after his own death, such was his face.

…. Today was filled with surprises. Twice in a day, people whom I thought I had totally understood had revealed new faces to me.

As I thought, having a grandchild really changes a person. I never would have thought that Chester would have shown such a face.

「…… Leave it to me. That child is my friend after all.」

My promise was not just because of Chester’s request, but also my desire to watch over and protect the fate of this child.

「It goes without saying. One who boards a boat, does not get off half-way.」

「Slava …. !」

Maa for such a request to come from our unsavory relationship. At any rate, it's not like I wanted to decline.

Beyond that weakly distorted annoying mustache, I spied a half-smile.

It's quite unbelievable that even in my second life I can't cut ties with the Prime family.

This truly is quite the unsavory relationship I have with this guy.

「Fix that compassionless side of yours. If Cheryl saw such a sight, I would lose dignity as a grandfather.」

「….. Aa, is that so. I too want with steady steps, to become a cool old man.」 (??)

Raising his eyebrows, Chester's expression distorted into a smile.

It's more or less a grin but, I wish he would make up his mind. (TLN: dk how to phrase this, basically his smile is a half smile/not too sure whether its a smile, and mc wants to express that he should decide if he wants to smile or not).

「Thank you, Slava」

To elves it may be short but, the empty 20 years that passed, plus this life's 12 years come to around 30 years.

I wondered how much the world would change but, it seems that even for an old friend whom I had never imagined would change, 15 years is sufficient time for change.

A head curved like a diamond, a great (magnificent) girl – looking at the quietly sleeping young girl on my lap, my cheeks slackened.

….. A grandchild, huh? If there is a chance, I would like to have one too. (ED: shippp)

But it's unlikely that I'll ever become a teacher like him.

Pondering such thoughts without a basis, I enjoyed this quiet and peaceful time. (ED: I didn't sign up for vanilla.)

Chapter 14 - The Origin of the Fist

「You woke me up so late, iya, evil, so evil!」

「What late, huh. It's barely morning.」

In front of the horse-drawn carriage was the Academy, I crossed my arms and let out a sigh.

Although we had left a little before it became night, the sky has already begun to brighten up. It should be another hour before the sun finishes rising.

「Seriously──I am a student now.

Since I have a child's body, I have a duty to devote myself to studies.

I'll be in trouble if you don't use your mind a bit.」

「Iya~a, don't be saying these bad things.

Wasn't it you who put Cheryl into such a state?」

「....Maa, you're right.」

Chester's mansion, it wasn't so far away from the Academy.

At best, it would take 5 hours when using a horse-drawn carriage. It was a pretty short distance if one used the carriage as a means of transportation.

It was a distance that I could run in half that time, but——for a child and old man to run faster than a horse, it would have caught the eyes of many people.

It would only take around 5 hours when going one-way, and since the distance was enough so that we could go back and forth in a day, it wasn't necessary to do it. (TLN: Speedrunning)

….However, it was hard to say whether it was possible at this time.

Anyway, the weekly holiday was over and now it was the Academy's weekdays. Since the date changed, it could hardly be called 'getting back within a day'. (TLN: Cuz night -> Next morning)

It was also because, the topic was brought up by the granddaughter——Cheryl was the cause.

Finishing a meal, spending the time leisurely, and finally going home——it was finally 7:00 in the afternoon before I got off my ass. (TLN: Says something about waist, most likely means getting up.)

But, the time changed to the next day already, to after 5:00 in the morning.

The departure was delayed 5 hours. What happened──there was nothing to say.

「Such an unmanageable child.

Has there always been this kind of condition?」

When it came to the topic of me returning, Cheryl's reaction was terrible.

Although she didn't cry or scream, there was a look as if it was the end of the world, and she grasped my arms and could not be peeled off by force….and so, I was down when that killing blow came. When I returned to my sanity later, I realized she fell asleep while crying during my apology….unforgettable.

It was as if I were going to be murdered, with the amount of noise that was made.

When sleeping, she was like an ordinary girl──apparently, turning back to an ordinary girl, it would take time.

「Unfortunately, it's time that I leave.

But~a, it's been like this. He's extremely reluctant to separate from you, Cheryl.」

「I see….it seems to be a big deal, for you. I'm more tired than I would have imagined.」

Although, Chester has to handle such exchanges daily, I still think that it's great.

I wonder if that makes children stronger. This is a world not known to me.

「Now then, you should go before the princess wakes up. You must come over and practice with her again.」

「I understand. Since you won't sleep, be careful.」

「Wha~at, if you look at the face of my cute granddaughter, then all your fatigue flies away~yo.

Ah….whatever, I'll probably come back to pick you up during the weekend. I don't know whether Cheryl can endure it until then.」

While waving his hand, Chester returns to his carriage. Although it seems that only I was tired this time….it's hard on that old man too.

Watching Chester order the carriage driver to go back, I unintentionally let out a yawn.

Before class begins, I'll take a short nap.

Yareyare, it's hard to resist sleepiness after I've gotten this body.

Although I could resist it in my previous existence, I wonder if this is due to a ‘growth period’. ….For the race called ‘Elf’, the growth spurt stops in the middle, but as for the mind, it doesn’t necessarily grow. (TLN: Middle as ‘adulthood’ for humans)

….Is one hour of sleep enough? Thinking such a thing while enduring sleepiness, I dragged my feet towards the dormitory.

Time for lunch.

Due to the loss of sleep time from the vacation, I fought the sleepiness and cut the fried fish with a knife, all the while opening and closing my eyelids.

Seria and Shido were sitting on both sides of me, making fun of the state I was in, laughing.

Although they didn’t mind it so much, it was still disgraceful. For a child, the hours needed for sleep are unexpectedly longer than expected.

I slept just a bit over the time to get up, maa, with this it’s no wonder.

….However, aside from sleepiness, there’s also the problem of training on those days.

Chester’s doted on grandchild, Cheryl, somehow took kindly to me for some reason. He said he would pick me up during the holidays, but I hope he picks me up when it starts, or else it’ll be the same thing as this time, and I’ll be just as tired.

As I thought, this troublesome body is still that of a student.

Even if you can move from here and there freely, you should keep it within proper bounds.

While enjoying a chat with Seria and Shido, I thought of the current situation, and leaked out a sigh.

Although somewhat sleepy, I interacted with them as follows.

Cheryl will be added to this group someday, while I think such──Seria suddenly asked a question, and I stopped moving for a bit.

「Nee nee, Slava-kun and Shido-kun, do you have any dreams for the future?」

「....Dreams for the future?」

「Un. Such as, what you want to become. What you want to do, such thoughts.

For me, I want to become an actor. To act in a fun drama, making everyone smile!」

Towards the me who was repeating the words from such a vague question, Seria said these words with a big smile.

Future dream, huh.

Seria, her dream at 12 years of age is to become a drama actor.

Twelve years old for a human or elf, it doesn't change. ....I, at 12 years old, what do I want to be. Do I have such dreams.

「I will definitely be an adventurer! Find an unexplored region or ruins that no one has ever gone to, and become a great adventurer!」

Shido, had been saying that he wanted to become an adventurer.

Very childish....but, it's a great dream.

In his case, some effort——physical training——would be needed, so that by the time that the Academy was over, he should be able to run around the school.

I, now. What do I want to be.

Seria's casual words, when put into a question like this, I hesitated on how I should answer.

「Like you said to Alma-sama, are you sure you want to be a scholar?

I'm a bit anxious. After reading all those Martial Arts books, doesn't it make you want to become a Martial Artist?」

「I don’t remember. ──Certainly, I never wanted to be a scholar.」

….That reminds me, was such a thing said. I became slightly embarrassed, and bitterly smiled.

I was a human without any education. Thinking up a dream using my head, it wasn’t suitable for me.

Though when we are talking about aiming to be a Martial Artist, it’s a different feeling.

With willpower, anyone can become a Martial Artist if they practice a style. Being strong is secondary. Becoming strong, the thing a Martial Artist needs the most is a strong heart. This is what Master said, to me. (TLN: Yeah, at this point, it doesn’t matter if it’s ‘Master’ or ‘shishou’ or ‘Teacher’ when we’re talking about his mentor)

At this point in time, I could already be called a Martial Artist. My name is already acknowledged as a Martial Artist in my previous existence, aiming for a Martial Artist now‥‥that is, it feels ‘different’.

Once, I did not have a「Future」, so it’s a bit difficult to answer.

Look deep inside of myself. Although it’s a casual saying, in my head, those words swirled around in my head while giving out a profound feel. (TLN: Hey, it’s Xianxia!)

Thinking back, I don’t think I’ve dreamed of anything.

I never had the thought of wanting to become an actor or adventurer. There was no thought of wanting to earn money, and no spirit in me who wanted to go down in history.

——But, I wanted to become a Martial Artist.

Why was that?

「The best, I want to become.」

Yes, I already understood such a thing.

For me——being the strongest. To become the strongest man in the world.

This is what I muttered, from the depths of my heart. A simple thing.

The dream that I had in my childhood, I was still experiencing it.

「Slava-kun's answer is unusual.

I didn't think that you were interested in being the strongest.」

Shido was laughing at the unexpected.

I guess so. It was pretty unexpected considering my image that the class has of me.

But――

「But, Shido, you have never had this dream?

Say, in any field, to be the best in the world――shining at the top, you've never dreamed of it?」

「Well――certainly. Now, I want to become the world's best adventurer! tte~Think of it!」

――Really. Such a thing, all men dream about it once.

As for me, I haven't abandoned such a silly dream.

Fumu….I remember how I started out in an unexpected place.

I wasn't even that old when I incidentally grasped my fist (Arts), it was somewhat of a clumsy encounter.

「It is as such. I'm the same, for the dream I had once, and it still is a dream.

Kuku, it's pretty simple.」

Why aim for the strongest.

What would one want to do once they reached that goal. These were my thoughts.

But still, it's like this.

Rather than becoming the strongest for no reason, I want to become the strongest to do something.

A person's actions may be the opposite of their purpose, it's like this for me.

「Fu~n....I don't really understand it.」

Shido and I look at each other and laugh, while Seria looks puzzled.

This is something only boys would understand, Seria understands this.

There are occasionally women who understand this kind of dream——if possible, I would love to meet and hear these stories.

It was satisfactory, the meal in my mouth was delicious.

With the background as Shido talking about his dreams for the future passionately, we finished the meal.

「Fui~, that was really delicious~」

While watching Shido let out a breath and rubbing his stomach, I easily collect my tableware, then I go collect Seria and Shido's tableware.

There is still room before mealtime is over. (TLN: Lunch if you've forgotten….)

Although I don't need to rush, there's nothing lost if I do it.

「I'm really interested, why does Slava-kun want to become the best?」

With the sound of putting down tableware, Seria's voice is mixed in.

「….Mu?」

「Didn't you say that you wanted to become the best a while ago?

Shido-kun wants to become the best adventurer. I want to know what Slava-kun wants to be the best in.」

「Aa──you mean that.」

That reminds me, what I wanted to be the best in, I didn't say it.

How to answer. I'm already considered weird guy, at least this was already established, so it's unlikely that my reputation would fall.

It seems it will be troublesome if asked by Alma….perhaps if I give a vague answer, it will be fine?

「It's like uhh….I vaguely know that, since this is a place teaching Martial

Arts.

It's like how Shido said, becoming the best in the world.」

「E? Me? Well yeah.

Don't all men think of this at least once?」

While seeking agreement in Shido, I show a hardened fist. (TLN: Balled up fist works too, I think)

「If it's a man, once the time comes, no matter if it's a human, a beastman, an elf or a Majin——he'll definitely close his hand into a fist like this. By wanting to be the strongest, they are depicting the「Cool Self」they want to be..

….But each and everyone, for a lot of reasons, like finding a different path, will open their clenched fist and try to grasp something new.

However, those who are martial artists cannot open their fists.

Be them fallen, defeated or injured, whatever happens they cannot open it. Thus, perhaps they may only able to swing it.

——Maa, in the end we are but children. Unable to throw away our first dream, hating to lose more than anyone else——that's why, it'll surely be fun.」

The fist I hardened, I open it slowly.

Like an opened fist, if I am able to give up the two characters "strongest", I would be able to walk a different road in life this time. (TLN: Strongest has 2 characters in JP, which you most likely have inferred.)

But, thanks to it, there were many things I was able to catch with this closed fist.

Alma and Chester, recently Cheryl as well, and even this present life of mine――

I forgot to tell to Shido and the rest, but there's one more thing.

One trait of martial artists that, even while I hate regretting things, I couldn't achieve before dying.

「....Somehow, I don't understand but it's profound? I got it.」

It seems that he isn't able to understand all that I said, Shido has a face with deep emotion.

Although he's a boy, he is also a man. Although understanding it all is unreasonable, there shouldn't be a reason for not being able to understand a little.

As such, I gave out a light laugh.

After what was said, Seria tilted her head.

I thought this dream only applied to men, since women don't seem to be the same.

In the middle of the conversation, I coincidentally look at the clock.

The hand on the clock, it showed that meal time was to be over soon.

「Uah, after meal time, there's class then recess….and the most troublesome, magic class.」

「But doesn't an adventurer need magic as well? If this isn't learned now, then you unexpectedly regret it.」

「I understand~a. Therefore I'll do my best even though it's troublesome.」

In truth, Shido is working hard.

Although the mouth isn't good, head isn't that good, the effort expended towards an aim is fantastic.

This will lead to a more successful future. Dreaming of acquiring good equipment, Shido's mouth slightly warped.

「Shido-kun, do your best~.

Slava-kun, do you have anything you want to do your best in?

You want to become the strongest in Martial Arts right?」

While directing a bright smile towards Shido who was depressed, Seria set her eyes on me.

….If I say it honestly, recently「Motivation」opportunities have been dropping.

「There have been some circumstances and now there are some travel restrictions.

….But, the thought of wanting to become strong, I don’t intend to be overtaken.」

Although there was no malice, I laughed at the painful words that were hard to listen to, and balled up my fist.

The fist that was balled up was strongly held and let out a creaking noise. Really, the thought of wanting to become strong, I won’t lose to anyone.

Now that 30 years have passed after the previous ‘I’ died, I wonder how the Martial Arts world has changed. (TLN: Murim, Jiang Hu, whatever you want to call it.)

After graduating from the Academy, it would be a good idea to take a look.

I realized my ultimate goal, looking at my packed fist, with my canines exposed. (TLN: Dafuq, Slava is a beastman??!?!)

The world is vast. Surely if a fool like Chester can enter, then I can as well. There’s no fun in it if all I do is think of it.

When the travel restrictions disappear──thinking about the bright future, I cannot help but break into a smile.

….But, this smile was easily wiped off my face.

「Ahaha~, is that so.

….Un. I’m sorry, Slava-kun.」

With an embarrassed face for some reason, Seria laughs.

──It was that moment.

「I got to hear Slava’s dream!」

The double door at the entrance of the classroom opens vigorously.

Excitedly pushing the doors open with both hands, it was an elf with long blue hair──it was Alma.

I’m sorry, were the words of Seria.

I understood it instantly.

「Iya~a, sensei forced it Slava. I didn’t think you thoughts about become strong.」

With a huge smile that encompassed her whole face, Alma compromises slowly.

——It was planned….!

Looking innocent, without changing expressions, Seria fully decieved me.

Lurking in the shadows of that question, I didn’t even dream that Alma laid hidden.

Certainly her aim of being an actor was valid. If one was at this age and could give such a performance, then one should go polish this ability.

….After speaking those words once, it’s very hard to retract them.

Getting an understanding over a long time, or using money or power——to take something back, there isn’t just sloppy methods.

Naturally, I was unable to use both methods. There is power, this is just like that——particularly Alma’s show wasn’t the good kind.

Alma who had compromised slowly walks to me, keeping me within her range.

Just like the first time I ‘invited’ her, however, the force was put out firmly in order to hold me in place, Alma holds my shoulder.

「But Slava, there's no better method than the Shijima Style if you want to aim for the strongest.

Lunch time is coincidentally over. Let's have a bit of exercise after a meal! Let's aim to become the strongest together!」

It's come to the point where I can't escape even if I struggled.

I was convinced, only letting out a dry smile.

With Shido confused with this sudden situation, Seria puts both hands together while closing one eye.

Without any consent, I was captured by Alma, and dragged out of the classroom.

....I'll get back at you Seria.

Chapter 15 - The Road Followed

「Fufufu, at long last a chance to talk to you alone Slava.」

Having seized my hand, Alma brought me to the auditorium for a martial arts class. A previously unseen satisfied smile on her face, Alma seemed to be in high spirits.

...Maa, if I were to recruit a good disciple, I too would be elated but-

「Aren't you being a little too pushy?」

Yeah, she was being a little too pushy.

Personally, upon discovering Alma's talent, the thought of imparting the Shijima techniques was greatly satisfying to me.

However, if said person had no intention to learn, then regardless of his or her innate talent, it would be useless. If he still refuses after taking time to consider, then I would give up teaching him my techniques, was what I thought.

In the end, Alma inherited the Shijima techniques. Yet, depending on Alma's answer, her name could very well have not spread throughout history.

More than anything, the disciple's intention and interests are very important factors. I think that's the best method in picking a disciple.

「Certainly I might have been a little too pushy. But the amount of talent

you possess is worth that much I think.」

I have my own beliefs (TLN: in picking a disciple), and Alma seems to differ from me in that aspect. I don't plan on interrupting her at this point but – if it's become this way, it might perhaps be better to change her thoughts on this issue.

「That being said, I am reflecting on my actions.

…This will anger sensei.

Was I too much in a hurry?」

Nevertheless, it seems like Alma is reflecting on this issue this time.

She doesn't know that the teacher that she's speaking of would be right before her eyes but… well that teacher, I'm sure he would probably agree that it's fine as long as you have the intention to change.

But – now that I have the chance to reflect, in my previous life, I did nothing other than learning martial arts. Thinking back, it would have been better if I had learnt other things. ….. I wonder how that would have resulted in how I am now.

「….There's no need to rush. Maybe not so for a human, but as an elf, there is still much time left.」

To the anxious Alma, I conveyed such a message. Yes, Alma is an elf. Yet having only reached a hundred years old – she was still a very young elf.

As a human, you would already have one leg in the coffin, but as an elf, a hundred years was equivalent to a 20 year old human.

It’s quite enviable. When I was the same age as Alma, I was already a dying old man.

「Haha, that’s true. To be cheered up, it seems I’m still quite immature…. I’ll be careful next time. But just once, I would like you to experience the Shijima style.

Next time, I’ll try not to be so pushy. I promise.」

It might just be my imagination, but Alma seemed to smile at me with slightly moist eyes.

….She’s in a hurry, huh? I may have placed a heavier burden on this child than I thought.

Generally speaking, most elves are rather laid-back. Even I, who was originally human, am about the same, and Alma is an elf too.

But Alma seems to be – impatient. Such a thing is rare among the elves who usually proceed at a leisurely pace.

And I think this is due to the words I left behind.

– No, that is the cause. To carry out the will of the person who’s her teacher and father, it is no surprise that she would be so hurried.

If that is the case, wouldn’t I have placed a curse on Alma?

If so, I’ve done something really terrible.

「Well then, shall we get moving and have a bite?

I have forced you to come, and I’ll end my persistent solicitations here. So please, just let me teach you just this once….」

To her imploring gaze, I quietly nodded.

Looks like the number of things I have to consider has increased slightly.

Alma does not seem to be able to shoulder the weight of the burden I left for her.

Being the only family she had, I cannot fathom the weight my words had on her.

In order to avoid increasing the number of ties in this life (TLN: literally translated), I intended to hide my real identity from Alma but….

– That's a conversation for another time, but I must reveal my identity sooner or later, or so I thought.

「Firstly, just once, could you demonstrate the「Tree Leaf Throw」for me?

Just the form is enough. Since I first saw it, I've been quite interested in it.」

「I understand.」

Breathe in slowly, close my eyes.

Focus on the foundation, applying it fully as a point, this is a technique that combines the entirety of the Shijima style.

Follow the flow, break the balance, throw. Without understanding this technique, it would be pointless to study any other technique.

Concentrating all my consciousness, I take the「Running Water」stance.

Thinking about it, how many times have I repeated this process?

In my day-to-day training, there has never been a time where I did not follow this routine.

From apprenticeship to mastery, throughout all of my training – it would be taught and practiced without fail, the most basic of techniques.

….Thinking back, this technique probably marked my entry into martial art.

Not just a principle, but an endless road. It really symbolizes the road of the warrior.

When one delves deep into this technique, I wonder if one can find the answer to becoming the strongest.

Projecting an imaginary enemy, I imagine a sudden fist thrown at me.

Immediately, I move to match the illusion of the thrusted arm.

Manipulating the direction of the imaginary enemy's fist, I scatter the center of gravity in four directions. (ED: kuzushi) With the unstable center of gravity, the root of its balance wilted, resulting in an uncertain connection with the ground – The figure with both legs no longer in firm contact with the ground, was like a boat that hadn't dropped its anchor. If I sharply swept his feet, strength would not be required to send my opponent flying.

I did not go easy on Shido, for I didn't go easy on him in real life and there was also the fact that this wasn't real. (raltz: His image should be of Shido) With the waist as the center, grabbing the head and rotating laterally – I slammed it on the floor.

The opponent's body was like that of tree leaves, being thrown to the floor as if having forgotten its own weight – Tree Leaf Throw, such was the technique. (ED: probably harai-tsurikomi-ashi)

Performing the whole motion without cutting corners, this was the best

performance I could put out as of now.

– If she were to realize my identity due to that, then so be it.

….This is not in desperation.

Although I don’t intend on revealing my identity now, if Alma uncovered the person lurking in this young body then –

Of course there is a part of me that is considering my daughter. But for me, strength is everything.

Or so I thought in the past – but as I grew older, the scales started to balance out.

So even if she were to realize, I wouldn’t mind it, was what I thought.

「(I wonder if she’ll notice)」

After completing the technique, I broke my vigilant stance, and heaved a deep breath.

The speechless, motionless Alma was fixated on me.

「How was it, sensei?」

Like a sculpture frozen in time, her delicate limbs seemed to tremble in shock.

Consciousness returned to her facial expression.

She must have been observing me so seriously that she even forgot to breathe. Catching her breath, Alma denied,

「 – Such, it can’t be….」

Her expression was dyed in shock.

Though my technique was still incomplete and somewhat immature, but for the practitioners of Shijima, other than Iwao Shijima, there was no one who could rival me.

Of course, to demonstrate this depth and familiarity with the「Tree Leaf Throw」, there exists no one other than my teacher and me.

As such, I wonder what Alma is thinking.

She may not yet believe it, but I must surely have crossed her mind.

The auditorium returned to silence.

Only the sounds of two small breaths muddied the silence.

Staring in anticipation, I await her words.

Before long, instead of speaking, she walked up to me.

「Just like….sensei….」

How much thought had been put in those words – Me as a Shijima, I felt it.

Looking at the figure of my daughter on the verge of collapsing, trying to cling to me, I considered if it would be fine to continue playing dumb.

Trembling without strength, such was the state of the God of Martial Arts of this generation. That small – slightly larger than mine, her shoulder.

I played dumb and acted in doubt.

Trembling her shoulder slightly, Alma clasped my clothing.

The small strength – It feels very nostalgic, making me recall when she would fly into me.

「 – !….I'm sorry. I…it wouldn't be strange if you hate me now….」

Such a possibility doesn't exist.

But, I can't say it in such a way.

「….No. I don't hate sensei.」

Rather I am a child, there is no way I could hate her.

Even though I do have sentiments of wanting to confide my identity but – more than anything I want to have time to look around the world.

View the changed world, ascertain the road of the warrior – at that time..

「Sensei」

「….What?」

While holding the shoulder of Alma, I face the sky.

「Please give me 20 years. After I graduate from this academy, I want to go around and look at the world. Before I aim to be the strongest, I want to make sure to see the variety of choices.」

Alma did not respond.

Waiting to see if there was a continuation to my words, she seemed to implicitly encourage me to say more.

What I speak of – is a young boy's dream, a story of my dream.

I want to see the world. I want to meet strong martial artists. And then – exchange fists.

To put it in words, a man exceeding hundred years of age possess a young immature dream.

But even then, me as of now, I have the youthful energy to achieve this.

Thus, I want it to come true. This dream.

「But, I will definitely return to the country of the elves. During that time, I will answer sensei's questions. How about that?」

Raising Alma's face, I declared with sincere eyes.

Full of tears, Alma gaped.

….20 years later. Somehow it is a short yet long time.

As a human, it would be long, but as an elf, it is short. Then, for me would it be long or short – for Alma, how would it be?

The daughter left behind 30 years ago, must once more wait 20 years for an answer, how painful.

But I want to advance into this world, and with my very eyes – I want to see martial arts.

Thus, my answer will surely come. Even if it will come later.

Our eyes did not separate even for a moment. Not without words, but with our eyes, we conveyed our feelings.

「Slava….is that so, thank you.」

Wiping her tears, Alma laughed.

Wait for me, my daughter. Someday, I must tell you something.

「Well then – I will happily wait 20 years.」 (TLN: Why is this beginning to sound like a lover's farewell)

Wiping her tears, Alma walks away from me.

For me 20 years is a somewhat long time.

But, when that time comes, I will definitely reveal my identity, such were my thoughts.

Before that – just a little, please forgive this old man's indulgence.

「Yoshi, in order to make you want to study under the Shijima style in twenty years, I need to be devoted too!」

Directing a big smile, Alma was filled with motivation.

Being tempted, I too broke into a soft smile.

「It's a secret that I was crying, okay?」

「Okay, I will hide it deep in my heart.」

I leak out a laughter.

This child in the past used to hide her weaknesses.

Now that I think about it, since when could I talk to her slowly?

Now, we meet on a daily basis but, then why do I feel like I already badly miss her.

「Well then, sorry for taking up your time Slava. There's very little of your lunch break left. Let's return to the classroom.」

「Is that so. Then – see you later.」

「Un – see you later.」

Turning my back on Alma, I walk out.

Yes, I mustn't stop now.

I should walk a little further before I sit down. (TLN: I think this is a figurative manner of speech. Up to you to interpret.)

– Thus, Alma's solicitation was kept a secret.

The long period of time of ten years, whether it was training or sparring with Chester, it somehow felt short – once again, I realized that I had truly become an elf. (quite literal once again)

And then –

「Today, all of you will graduate from Mirafia National Alfalia General Academy. From now on, each of you will walk your own roads. Firmly ascertain with your own eyes, take strong steps forward, that is what I hope for all of you.」

The time has come, for young boys and girls, to each walk their own path.

I too, have begun to walk the road that I've put my trust in.

– To devote myself to martial arts for a hundred years (TLN: Literally the title here) Receiving the life of an elf, and to redo my training as a warrior.

Here, I take my first step.

(TLN: かなりアレな内容なので、一応補足。)

This isn't the end, let's continue for a little more (Master Roshi)

Chapter 16 [Vol 2 Chapter 01] - On The Day Of Departure

「Daybreak──huh」

Peering from behind glass, while watching the azure sky, I suddenly muttered.

Looking at the sky which was seen every day when I woke up, the color of the sky was reflected in my eyes before disappearing.

Thinking about it, the sky is deeply impressive to me, most likely because it projects my thoughts in the form of a color in the sky.

Once I graduate from the Academy, and get permission to collect the necessary equipment from my parents, I'll collect the necessary equipment──

I finished my preparations while controlling my impatience, today marks the departure.

To be honest, today will be the day when my second life finally begins, is what I thought.

Even if this was my second life, it could not be discarded easily, the craving for uncertain things.

With these hands that became smaller, this will be the first step on the road to being called the strongest. That is, today is the day.

——Today, I will go on a journey.

Taking a look around the world, exchanging fists with hidden Martial Arts masters.

Aiming for the title of the strongest. Sometimes exchanging blows with a blade——and maybe even fighting against a flame made out of magic.

Unlike my previous life of being entangled with a variety of ties, with a body of a nameless child, my heart was unintentionally excited. (TLN: He's not degrading his current body, it's just that it doesn't have some famous identity.)

Iya, I'm not a child anymore because I'm presently 22 years old. It is scary to be accustomed to being treated the same way as a child to some extent.

However, there is still worry. Though I understood the importance of time and how quickly is goes by, the intention to go farther than my previous life with this long life was still there.

「Ou, you woke up after all. Old men always wake up in the morning ~e na.」

While I was looking at the sky and absorbed in my thoughts, the dry voice of my lifelong friend sounded.

「We're the same in this regard. Although, you don't seem to be a person who gets up early.」

「Katsukatsukatsukakkaka, well, it took me years.」(TLN: Translated directly from the source…)

In the hands of Chester who said thus, there were two cups being carried.

Probably tea or coffee, since the steam is still coming up. Why did you bring it without coming whether or not I was up.

——Since yesterday, which was the day of my departure, I stayed at Chester's mansion.

The number of rooms that weren't in use were a lot. The reason for this was so that Cheryl could move into a new room if her temper came out at any time, and thus many rooms are always being furnished; I remember that the room I stayed in was very plain.

Recently the amount of rooms that Cheryl has destroyed seems to have decreased. In other words, her temper hasn't been completely cured.

「Here, take it.」

「Thanks.」

Meeting Chester halfway, I took the steaming cup. What was inside, an

amber liquid──it looked like tea.

I don’t know about high quality foods or beverages, but there was a flowery fragrance, and the fragrance held a grace that couldn’t be helped but liked.

Suru, making a slight sound, the hot amber liquid went through my throat.

A good foundation gives off a rich fragrance as expected. With a consistency that lasted, a graceful fragrance tickled my nose──however, without feeling the heat, it disappeared as ephemeral as snow.

「Umu, delicious.」

「Well, it’s natural because I served it.

This has been my hobby recently. Though I don’t serve well.

….Ma, these are good tea leaves.」

Apparently, Chester made this tea.

Serving it by oneself as though one was a servant, I want to ask if this really is a hobby.

Feeling a comforting and strange sweetness, I let out a warm breath.

I see. Although I never put my hand into luxury goods, it may be a

surprisingly long road.

「It's probably because I became old, that it's become fun recently.

——Maa, whatever. You'll make a lot of trouble when you go look around the world. Fighting other people is what is fun, is what I think of it.」

Chester looks up at the changing sky, with a bitter face.

I scratched my head with my finger. This man talking this way, it's hard to give a response.

….Fumu. Fighting others as a hobby, huh.

「Aa, with this precious second life, I will fully enjoy it.」

My friend, the advice from this man who was also my strongest nemesis.

At a more mature age, though it's just fighting——it's me that should be worrying about Chester rather than him worrying about me.

….More than 30 years ago, when I was alive. Chester did not have such a hobby.

Since my disappearance, I wonder if he thought about me often.

「——Good idea. Stay with it.」

「Ou, I plan on living a life full of victories.」

Changing his bitter face, Chester put on a lively smile.

It made me tempted to laugh. This man, I can't seem to hate it being in this place.

But hobbies, huh. I usually don't think about it, but this is a pretty good opportunity.

Speaking of, shishou had a fishing hobby. ….Thinking about it, my life was just for seeking the truth of the fist.

「You should take Cheryl with you. It'll surely be an experience that will be fun.」

Seriously. Moreover, Cheryl is now supposed to join me on my journey.

For the girl who has taken the dark road, letting her experience the outside world for a bit.

「….But, is it okay?

Your precious granddaughter, are you sure you want to entrust her to me?」

「Other than you, I wouldn't entrust her to anyone.

I leave her in your care since it's you. Got a problem? It's too late to say that you dislike it.」

Originally, the reason as for why I could go on this trip, it was mainly thanks to Chester's grace.

There are plenty of ways to earn travel expenses if I want to go for a trip once, but for the initial cost of the trip, Chester provided it.

Although the amount wasn't large, it was still a sum of money that a child who had just graduated from the Academy would have to struggle some trouble to make. It would take about a month according to my estimations──and the one who quickened this period, was none other than this guy.

Of course I plan on returning it, but Chester says that I don't need to return such a sum. Instead he attached a condition──it was to allow Cheryl to accompany me on the trip.

「Not saying that I hate it, but do you think Cheryl can tolerate a situation with you, stupid shitty old man?」(TLN: "ジジバカ" = jijibaka)

If it's a condition like this, I didn't mind because I originally intended to offer it anyway──never did I expected to hear it from the other party, it made me bewildered.

Anyway, I safely got Cheryl to accompany me on my trip. These circumstances, such things.

Iya, but I still can't believe it.

Never did I think that I would get such a proposal from this stupid shitty old man.

「Aho, do you think I can tolerate this. I'll be wetting my pillow with my tears every day.」

Apparently this was a tough decision for Chester.

I didn't think that my old enemy who had matched me in my previous life, would have an expression full of sorrow.

「....Did I really lose to such a man?」

Unintentionally, I spit out the words in the depths my heart.

These past ten years I was registered at the Academy. Whenever I found time, I fought against him——although I had victories, the result was a losing record. Not being able to win against this senile nemesis, iya I shouldn't be so unreasonable.

——Maa, the gains were worth the number of losses.

The thing cultivated for the past ten years, the general knowledge of elves, as well as relationships between fellow students.

The things I gained from this man, it will be an important guide on the road I walk.

「Emp~ty….now I'm more spirited.」

「Aa. Should I wake up Cheryl soon?」

「Sure. ….Che, I'm going to be lonely.

My dearest granddaughter──and this asshole of a friend, going on a trip at the same time.」(TLN: According to Google Translate, 最高のダチが, which I translated to 'and this asshole', means 'The best of the nigga')

Listening to Chester's words, I stopped moving.

──An asshole of a friend, huh. This is a pretty good evaluation. (TLN: No it isn't lmao)

He said he got embarrassed, this nemesis blushing, I couldn't help but smile.

「Kuku, oi Chester」

「Don't laugh. Don't question. I'm considerably ashamed, of this.」

With Chester's eyes turning into the same shape of his mouth, I looked ahead. (TLN: Basically Chester's eyes are like 'へ' and Slava ignores it)

It was a self-destruction move that made him vengeful but, maa I'll keep this sensation to myself.

「I'm going, my best friend.

Since I'll bring a souvenir——when I come back, remember to serve me some tea.」

It was rare for me——I laughed with my teeth showing.

With a heart that was trembling from anticipating the outside battles, when was the last time it trembled like this.

Throwing out my fist, I turned a tightened fist towards Chester.

Chester's face gave off the feeling of being bewildered, then turning into a smile.

「Ou, go. Don't come back home empty-handed.」

Go get something, huh. This was what Chester's face was implying, looking happy.

I know without being told. Surely when I return, I will surpass you and go to heights which you haven't gone to.

「Aa, I'm going.

....Then, let's first wake up a princess.」

「Do it. ….A, is Cheryl currently passable?」

「You're the one who suggested it, stop getting stomach-sickness.

Cheryl seems to have been anticipating this trip, do you want to blow up her fun?」

「Underhanded….since I said it, I can't say anything.」

With my nemesis whining his regrets and somewhat bitter feelings, my face was stained with a smile.

「Good food, good blankets. Good change of clothes──」

Rising when the day's lights poured in, when the sun begins its duties.

I did a luggage check in front of Chester's mansion.

There are plenty of jobs if I go to town, but no money before going there.

Although there is money borrowed from Chester, I decided to keep it until I could pay it back.

Before it is, it is just baggage which is prepared until I earn some income──iya, it amounts to a lifeline for us. It's something that Chester prepared with a lot of effort even if it isn't so. At any rate, I don't want to

forget it.

However I confirmed it the day before.

I also confirmed it again today just to make sure, and there seems to be no problems.

Originally there wasn't much luggage——to. When I finished confirming my luggage, I discovered an unfamiliar large bag.

Let's see, was there such a large among the luggage——checking my memory, the bag slowly began to move.

Although in all probability it could be guessed, I daringly watched the scene.

Then, a head with white hair popped out of the bag.

It was a deceptively fragile girl——the granddaughter of my friend, Cheryl Prime.

「Me….yoshi」

With just her face out of the bag, Cheryl let out a loose smile.

Calming down my heart and looking at those relaxed eyes, Cheryl fixes her vision on me as well.

Cheryl got out of the bag with clumsy movements, and moved towards me in a small animal-like manner.

「Forget, no good」

「I didn't forget. Rather than that, did you finish saying your goodbye with Chester?」

「Not yet. ....I'll go now, will you wait?」

Bouncing around like a rabbit, Cheryl ran to Chester who had come to see us off.

Although there was still a depressed expression, his facial expression became very spirited as though he had become 10 years younger.

....For my mind which the human side still remained, when looking at the girl who looked like she was only 10 years old and a bit, it was hard to associate her with a 25-year old.

「Goodbyes....I did it?」

As I was absorbed in my thoughts, Cheryl's voice called me back.

Becoming aware, Cheryl had returned with Chester.

「Did you finish saying goodbye?」

「Honestly I still regret it. But, I can't take back my words.」

Apparently Chester seems to be lonely even in a place like this.

I think it's natural──yareyare, a grandchild's presence is great. (TLN: As in important)

「Then, let's meet in ten years.」

「Aa, I entrust Cheryl to you. Have an amazingly fun trip」

「Try to act accordingly」

I glanced at my second party member Cheryl.

Cheryl, confirmed her baggage happily.

Although it was unseen from behind, her happiness was still able to be confirmed, this will be a truly enjoyable trip.

「Ojichan, I'm going?」

「Oo…oh Cheryl, just come back home early naa!」

While wiping tears that he didn't bother to hide anymore with a handkerchief, Chester waves his arms.

This guy is referred to as 'Invisible Demon Fang'....a grandchild is a formidable existence.

「Yoshi, then let's go, Cheryl.」

「Un!」

With a huge smile, Cheryl responded.

Carrying baggage on my back, I put my hand on the gate of Chester's mansion.

Pushing open the gate slowly, I took one step forward.

「Stay healthy!」

The voice of Chester coming from behind, my face broke into a grin.

Lifting up my hand without turning back, I push forward.

Before long, Chester's mansion becomes the background, and I suddenly looked up at the sky.

Unlike the dawn, the glistening blue spreads, and the brightness of the

day makes you want to smile.

....I have started moving. My second life.

While wrapped in an unspeakable feeling, I look back, starting to walk.

「Nee Slava....first, where do you plan to go?」

「Thinking about it....we'll go to the Castle Town of Arufareia, and earn some travelling expenses.

Once we get the travel expenses, we'll aim to go to the Mountain Town of Natousha.」

From what Chester said, there seems to be a superior fist person in the town of Natousha that was able to open a path in the mountains.

Earning the travel expenses in Arufareia, we'll aim for Natousha.

Afterwards, we'll earn more travel expenses and ask the person with superior fists for where another Martial Arts master is. If there isn't any information, then we'll just follow the clouds.

....Iya, my body is still immature. It can't help but feel excited.

Thinking about a powerful enemy who hasn't been seen yet——I, clench my fist.

Right here, I have finally taken my first step on the road.

Chapter 17 [vol2 chapter 2] - The Bustling City

「Reeeaacchheedd――」

Cheryl said in a somewhat flat voice as she shook her long hair.

Though her expression had been languid, the moment she step foot in the city, she seemed to be in high spirits.

Now that I think about it, I have spent ten years with this girl already. Lately, I'm able to read her mind without resorting to facial expressions. Though, that may be partially due to her being easy to read.

It had been less than a day after we left Chester's house. Without anything noteworthy happening, we arrived at the largest city of the Elf country Mirafia, Arufareia.

Though I said nothing happened, it had a certain meaning to it. Arufareia is the main city, the capital if you could call it, of the Elves. There is increased focus on the security of the vicinity, and hence we saw no bandits or demons.

Talking about the human's capital, even it wouldn't be so peaceful to such an extent. In that regard, I guess you could say it would be the specialty of the elf race.

Well then. What should I do first?

Though some part of me wanted to bring Cheryl for sightseeing, looking for a means to earn money is a necessity.

But――for the time being, we should secure a bed with a roof first.

「Cheryl, shall we look for a place to stay first? Once we find a place, then we can go tour around the city.」

「Really? …. Then let's go quickly.」

Cheryl who was spinning round and round, stopped at my words, and stared at me.

How cute. Lately, I've somehow realized how to handle this child.

「Very well, let's go Cheryl.」

「Un… Okay.」

Unlike Cheryl, who was visiting this town for the first time, previously… or should I say, in my previous life, I have visited this city before.

While the landscape has changed slightly, compared to that of 50 years ago, nothing much has changed; as expected, it could be said to be a characteristic of the elf race.

「If it hasn't changed, there should be a section where the inns are concentrated. Cheryl, follow me.」

Relying on my memory, we walked briskly through the crowded street.

Cheryl follow behind snugly. …As I thought, she is rather eye-catching.

Cheryl, being a half-elf half-majin, would attract attention no matter what.

It wasn't to the extent in which all eyes were on her but, it definitely made it difficult to walk.

It would be nice if someday this child could freely walk outside without

constraint but – the majin race were warlike, as such, it would be unlikely.

At the very least, it would be nice if she had a few friends who she could confide in.

Until her number of friends increase, at the very least I'll be her friend, I embraced such bitter thoughts as I walked.

Before long, it seems my memory had served me well, I saw the inn in which I had stayed in before. While embracing a slight relief that the inn reflected in my eyes was as clear as my memory of my previous life, I walk towards it――

「Nee nee, Slava kun… ….that, what's that?」

「That――seems like a stall for fried snacks. Want to buy one?」

After getting an inn without any issues, we began touring the streets of Arufareia.

We had no motive or objective, rather the stroll was a result of Cheryl's curiosity.

Being the biggest city in the country, there were many people gathered here, and hence many merchants aiming at business opportunities too.

In my previous life, I've visited a variety of country with different races but, only this place continues to remain unchanged no matter what or how long.

But merchants who have gathered for such a reason, not all of them possess a shop.

Hence, Arufareia's streets are filled with street stalls and booths.

Among the many uncountable stalls, Cheryl seemed to express interest in the stall selling fried snacks that gave off a sweet aroma.

Certainly if she was a young girl, it would be likely for her to be enticed by such a scent.

Therefore, if it was only for this, I wouldn't mind taking out my wallet –

「No…it's fine. Because I might spoil my appetite for dinner…」

Apparently, it seemed to only attract interest.

But, what a kid.

To be able to stand firm, it strangely matches the upbringing of Chester.

「I see. But, if you do have something you want, don't hold back.

It's the job of the child to enjoy as much as you can.」

「Un, thanks. …But compared to Slava-kun now, I'm the older sister…」

With a somewhat triumphant face, Cheryl threw out her chest, slightly acting like a spoiled child.

For Slava-kun now——what she says was without a doubt correct.

Yes. What I said to her applied to me too.

Anyways, Chester knows, and she's a girl I shall become friends with for a lifetime.

To continue hiding it——it doesn't sit well with me.

Maybe if provided with a longer time, I might have decided to reveal my identity to Alma.

So far, although there certainly was a time I was more or less well-known, hiding my identity——what's more, even to someone I'm so close with——was impossible to start with. That, and that I think that it wouldn't

go well if I tried to.

Anyway, what Cheryl said was true.

Though in total my age was more than a hundred, as of now——as an elf——I'm in my 20s——no different from a young brat.

Probably due to the fact that I've been dealing with a childish Cheryl, I probably forgot about the fact but, it is as she mentioned, she is older than me.

「Sorry about that, it's become a habit I can't get rid of.」

「I'm not bothered about it. More importantly, what's that…?」

Maa, perhaps she was just about to say that she just wanted to try to say that?

Cheryl, who said she wasn't bothered, seemed to have shifted her attention to another place.

That frivolousness was childlike too. While looking at the girl who was slightly older than me, I laughed.

Her physical age is certainly more than mine but, if we are talking about mental age, then I have a hundred years more than her, hence I can't help but treat her like a child.

…Though in terms of an elf, a hundred years isn't very long, what a weird feeling.

More importantly, I should take a look at what Cheryl is pointing to.

The first thing I saw in the direction Cheryl was pointing to was a, to call it a stall would be giving it a little too much credit, it was a platform

made of shabby wood.

There, an athletic man, who at first glance looked dishonest, sat. Observing carefully, there was nothing on display on the platform, just the man who looked like a shopkeeper smiling confidently with his arm stretched out.

「Hou…even in the country of elves such a plaything exists?」

Without noticing it, my hand had stretched and tried to scratch my beardless chin. Oops, a bad habit from my previous life.

No, I guess I should have realized it from Chester but, Elves like to show off their muscular strength.

As I had yet to make friends with elves other than Alma and Chester, I had yet to ascertain this fact but, my narrow image of elves was somewhat self-centered.

It's likely that that stall is——

「Arm-wrestling, huh? Pay an amount to challenge that man and if you win, you get some sort of item.

No, I see, I see, such men exist in the elf country too huh?」

To see a stall for arm-wrestling in the country of elves.

Before knocking on the door of the shijima style, I used to boast my strength, challenging people to fights in my youth, what a nostalgic thing.

「Arm-wrestling? …What's that?」

「Placing your elbow on the table with your arm vertical, and your opponent doing the same, it's a contest of strength where the victor is the one who forces the opponent's arm to touch the table.

In the past I used to be challenged a lot.」

「…Nostalgic?」

Looking at my involuntary smile, Cheryl also smiled.

It's as she said, I can't help but feel a sense of nostalgia. It's because I recall of the times when I was young and I thought brute strength made you the strongest. When I recall such a time, I can't help but think of many other things.

…Fumu, this reminds me that I haven't had a simple competition in strength in a while.

Occasionally, such an idea may be good.

「Aa, yeah. …Well, shall I try challenging him?」

「Good luck…」

Well, let's see what the extent is in which elves like to boast their strength.

Chester's fist boasts a frightful destructive power but, it was a probable blow from the perspective of technique and magic. Pure strength is everything──such a game, the first time I've seen as an elf, peaked my interest.

Rolling up my sleeves, I walk closer to the stall.

Looking closer, he has well trained muscle. Although the element that decides「Power」is mostly magic, this extent of muscle would surely cause challengers to hesitate.

「Hey, can I challenge you?」

Cutting through the surrounding audience, I stretch out my hand with the amount of money denoted on the board, showing it to the shopkeeper.

The audience which had gathered in circle around the stall so as to not get in the way froze at my figure——as though seeing something charming, laughter was stirred among the crowd.

Well it's no surprise.

In order to prevent it from getting in the way of flexible movement, I purposely didn't build muscles, even then compared to someone of the same age, I was slightly more solid.

Due to the nature of elves, it's difficult to estimate one's age but, I look like an ordinary kid that's no older than 100 years old.

「Oioi, I won't stop if you want to but. If you're still a kid isn't it impossible?」

With the eyes of the crowd all on him, the young shopkeeper – whether that is accurate or not I wouldn't know – spoke gently.

His words didn't seem to have sarcasm but had good intentions. But precisely because he was worried about me, his tone of voice was somewhat admonishing.

However, no matter the race, shapes hardly differ, these words are deeply rootend in this world.

To judge things by their appearance, will lead to regret──such words.

「Children are confident in their own strength. Even just a little, they want to boast. No need to hold back. Lose or win, I will accept the results.」

To the extent where I felt like asking myself who am I to say that, I replied the shopkeeper with a tone that was unbefitting of a child.

Since I said it this way, I don't think he can refuse the challenge.

「Maa even if you're willing to accept the results, if you want to challenge me, you need to pay money, you know?」

「I don't mind. If I get to play, I don't mind paying that much.」

Beyond that──even if his main motive was to compete in strength──business is business.

I don't think he will turn down a potential customer.

As though to say he accepted the challenge, the shopkeeper put placed his elbow on the table.

Kakaka, good. It's been a while since I've experienced this kind of atmosphere.

「Do you need a handicap?」

「No」

「Oh, I understand」

With that it was decided, no further words were required.

In return I walked closer to the table and placed my elbow there.

As expected of the well-built man, the length of my arm could not match his. He took a step back, so the height of our arms matched.

Though I said not to, I intend to go easy on him, at least at the beginning.

Though it was a short exchange, the guy doesn't seem to be a bad person. Then in order not to hurt a child, I intend to hold back from using all my strength.

「Sorry but, can someone give the call.」

「I'll do it」

For the sake of fairness, the signal of the start was left to the audience.

In response to the shopkeeper's voice, a good looking young elf stepped out.

Both the shopkeeper and I moved to a position where we could both see the position of the young elf with his raised right arm.

「Ready…」

——It's about to start. Let me ascertain to what extent you boast of your strength.

「Start!」

With a short cry, the youth's right hand swung down.

In that instant, magic swelled up in the shopkeeper, applying a strong force on my right arm.

「Mu…」

If looking only at the force, it is considerable.

I don't know his exact age, but if I follow my estimate from appearance, then it's quite significant.

While training his muscles well, considerable training seems to have been put in for magic too.

If it's this much then I can still handle it——the shopkeeper's magic and muscle was slightly stronger than my magic, so my arm inclined towards the table a little.

「Boy, you're strong.」

「The same goes for you, looks like the strength you boast of in your sign does not differ from reality.」

It is truly as the signboard wrote, Herculean strength, something definitely to be proud of.

It would certainly be a big deal if he still had more strength.

Maa——but that's still within the realm of common sense. (TLN: Knew this was coming -_-) For me who lives in the world of martial arts…It's not rare to see people who have taken one step in and left.

It is a place for people who are abnormal.

「How about going at it for real? If you keep making light of me as a child, you'll lose you know?」

「What are you say──」

As if to block the words of the shopkeeper, I gradually increase my magic output.

Already it is at a level where children cannot hold but, my body is filled to the brim with power.

With an increasing speed, my rising density of magic power exceeds that of the shopkeeper.

「Ugh, Whoa?!」

The power that made the Shijima famous, even the shopkeeper seemed to realize it.

Realizing the meaning of my words in that instant, he frantically put in more magic power.

He likely put all his magic power into his arm.

Though it was wild, a significant amount of magic power, like a tide, came forth. It was a strong youthful force.

But, even then──

「Gugigigigigi…The heck, don't startle me…」

The force I put in my arm was slightly insufficient.

As the shopkeeper said, after that bout of energy, my arm could lean no more──backwards, however.

Looks like I can’t play anymore.

No, I’ve seen something good. Something I won’t see again in another ten years maybe.

As I thought, it sure is fun to see.

I pushed back the shopkeeper’s arm that still had room for growth.

Before long, his arm began to tilt to the other side──just like the sunset.

Having matched against the brute force of Chester, this was nothing in comparison.

As I thought that guy’s brute strength sure is terrifying──I thought so as I pushed his hand down onto the table.

As his arm lost strength, the shopkeeper fell out of his seat.

As a result of using all his strength, his face was stained in fatigue.

The crowd remained silent, no one was talking.

Among the brief silence, like a glass ball breaking, the silence was broken.

Like a popping dry sound. Clapping could be heard from a pair of hands.

Looking in the direction of the sound, it was a petite girl──Cheryl.

Looking at Cheryl clapping for me, the crowd of men gradually started clapping──soon, the sound became applause.

「Amazing! This brat won against Ted!」

「No way, how does he have such strength!?」

Various exclamations erupted from the surrounding crowd.

…Was the shopkeeper that great?

Then the boasting of strength among the elves might be too lenient.

Well it's only recently that Martial Arts became more popular so I guess it's not unreasonable but——

Anyway, such thoughts are childish.

Adding up my age from the previous life, the shopkeeper is much younger than me——the degree of experience differs.

「Haa, haa…no doubt about it, I overestimated myself…and to be so overconfident…」

With a faint breath, the shopkeeper called Ted rose.

The audience surrounding me broke the circle and let him through.

「What? It's just that you're not stronger than me yet. Aa, but I didn't expect you to accept my challenge.

But it was a good experience. To know that among the elves there are people like you, is a wonderful thing.」

Elves are the kind of race that pride themselves on their ability to use magic to fight more than strength.

I did not think that among that race there would be people who would boast of their strength but, it looks like I have much to look forward to in the future.

Slowly Martial Arts will spread across the world, and the number of people I can trade blows with will increase.

「No…For someone of your age to have such strength…」

「I intend to train even more, don’t fall behind.」

I laughed. (jorgelotr: The kind of laugh the hero lets out when he arrives at the scene of the crime or is asked a cute question by a child.) In my previous life, believe it or not, it was me who lived rushing through life.

I won’t let myself lose and let it go so easily.

「I am still lacking. I guess I should change this sign board.」

「No no, Shopkeeper-dono, I think it may be a slight exaggeration but, among elves I can only think of 3 people stronger than you.」

「3 people huh…for reference, may I hear of who they are?」

「Aa, sure. Cheryl, come here.」(TLN: Another wreck train)

At such an age, but still possesses immense strength, ambition , and is willing to honestly admit the strength of the opponent, what a pleasant man.

In a good humor, I called Cheryl over.

With light steps she came closer and showed herself to the shopkeeper.

「First, this half Majin child. And then her pure blooded grandfather. And also Alma of the Shijima. You heard of the name?」

「….Uh」

Introduced by me, Cheryl’s chest puffed up in pride.

The shopkeeper pointed with his mouth agape.

「Alma aside——this child. I'm losing my confidence. I would really like to see her grandfather. He must be a real monster.」

「Outrageous monster he is. But, if Shopkeeper-dono fully utilizes your time and polish yourself, I think you could reach their height.」

「Really? I am glad to hear that.」

He cheerfully laughed. Though he said he was losing confidence but, his tone of voice didn't seem to intend to deny Cheryl.

Like how he looks, he's a cheerful man. They say that Elves are usually people of good character, but it's only after seeing this guy that I've come to think so.

「Well then, after I train, come challenge me again in 100 years.」

「Aa, I will gladly accept. I look forward to that time…

…Well, we should go now Cheryl. There are still places we should see.」

「Un, Okay.」

Pressed by Cheryl to see other places, I turn my back to the shopkeeper after getting the promise of a rematch.

「Wait a minute, boy.」

But the shopkeeper stops me.

Not just with his voice, he put his body in my path, it must be something of great importance.

In his hands there was a stunning sheathed sword. It can't be that he wants a duel, thinking that, I stop walking.

「That sword is?」

「You forgot. The prize, the prize. Didn't you challenge me for this?」

It seems the sword is a prize.

…I totally forgot about it. I believe that if it was Chester, instead of arm-wresting for the sword, he would have just used the sword as an excuse for arm-wresting.

Well what should I do? It's nothing I can't handle but, if I don't accept it it would be rude.

Maa, I'll find a use for it maybe. It wouldn't hurt to keep it I guess.

「Aa…No. Thank you for the prize.」

「I'm trusting you with this…Then until next time.」

「Aa, let's meet again.」

Now with our goodbyes said, we began walking again.

With an additional sword to our baggage, we walk past the crowd of people.

The sheath is superb but, I wonder how the blade will be. Let's take a look later when we return to the inn.

「Nee Slava-kun…」

「Hm?」

「I also want to try arm wrestling.」

「Is that so, then if we find a place later, let's do it.」

「Un…Thanks」

This child must really like to compare strength.

After that we found an appropriate solid place and arm-wrestled.

Pity but, Cheryl was stronger than the shopkeeper.

…Well it was obvious I guess. Hugging with a herculean strength enough to strangle a bear, she would have no trouble with that power.

Thinking about what would have happened if I didn't control my power, we returned to our inn.

Chapter 18 [vol2 chapter 3] - Challenger

An early afternoon at Arufareia.

Cheryl and I earned enough money today, so we walked through the town of Arufareia aimlessly.

When we were thinking about how to earn money before, we were surprised to get an unexpected find due to this place being the capital of the Elven Kingdom.

Now we hunt monsters, catch criminals——gather medicinal herbs in dangerous places, or mine Spirit Crystal, which has been said to be a slightly dangerous line of work.

There is an association that manages the work of every field——whatever the contents were, appearance-wise we look like children.

Where I belong to now, is an association that give highly dangerous jobs with a low degree of difficulty. Although no one thought that a pair of children could fit in——since I used an unexpected method to prove my ability, I was able to join this association.

As for the method——it was just…the sword on my back.

The first day when we arrived at Arufareia, after winning an arm wrestling against Ted, the sword was given as the prize.

After returning to the inn, I was impressed by such an excellent blade——somehow, it seems to be quite a fine thing.

I was aware of it, but it was useless since we entered the association in such a state.

Although I tried to talk to the receptionist of the Union, we were admonished and refused due to having the body of children, but then the head of the Union saw the sword by chance. When he pestered me to pull out the sword in an excited state, the Union head was surprised at the force used to pull it out.

It seems like a the sword was forged by a renowned sword artisan when I asked about the story behind the sword, and since I never expected it to be such a fine sword, my eyes turned a little bit wide. Still, I was surprised at Ted's heart for giving this gift to a 'child'. Setting that aside.

Apparently Ted was an adventurer famous for his muscular prowess, when I said that I beat him in arm wrestling——with the word of the Union head, I was admitted into this association.

Incidentally, today is fetching the soil of the Spirit Crystals, and I just finished the request.

Soil of Spirit Crystals, that is to say, soil that has vitality, spiritual soil with power in crystallized form.

Since I can mine it with my sharpened senses, this request can be

finished relatively easily with Arubaku Mountain being nearby, so it's good for me.

For the common adventurer, it was a place with numerous dangerous demons, so they hesitated to take a step into the mountain, but for me, it was just a place that I trained in frequently. It's already like my backyard. (TLN: Backyard because garden just doesn't sound right)

Well, something like that.

Continuing like this, leaving the town by next week seems possible. It was going smoother than expected.

The next target, Natousha, as Chester had suggested.

The distance shouldn't be too far away from here. The excellent fighter that Chester mentioned──I want to meet as soon as possible.

「Slava-kun, Slava-kun」

When I lifted the corners of my mouth in anticipation towards the yet unseen fighter, the hem of my clothes was pulled with a slight force, with the voice of a girl following soon after.

Glancing, I noticed that the person who tugged me was Cheryl. It was a slight force that held back a lot of power. Something that makes you have shaking hands──maa, does it have to be now.

「Mu? What is it Cheryl」

「Guest….probably, Slava-kun」

Looking over and seeing a head slightly below me, Cheryl moved her arms slowly.

This「Guest」was pointed at.

Following that snow-white finger with my eyes, I understood. Certainly this is my「Guest」that is standing there.

「You, boy, I suppose you are Slava Marshall.」

「Indeed. Who are you?」

「My name is Philips. I heard that a boy defeated Ted, so I came to visit.

I would like to have a sparring match if it’s okay with you.」

——From that day I defeated Ted in arm wrestling, I have been challenged in this manner.

As I said earlier, Ted is a well-known adventurer in this town that serves as the capital.

To put it briefly and bluntly, he was a talented adventurer.

An adventurer’s job was to discover unexplored land and to find information about new evil beasts. That is to say, one’s fame was directly proportional to one’s strength.

Being like this, although that wasn’t the reason why I used my fist, I still defeated Ted in an arm wrestle——huh.

There were many who challenged me in arm wrestling in the beginning, apparently thinking that they could win against me, but now there seems to be more fighting challenges.

It wasn’t unreasonable, but I hope they would refrain from overdoing it a little. Fighting those stronger than me is fun, but having to fight those weaker than me won’t make it a fun match.

Having my heart beat quickly at the thought of a strong enemy, it seems like I’m still immature.

Seems like I haven’t changed much from my past life, at all.

「Since it’s come to this. Cheryl, stay back.」

「Hai….」(TLN: Yes, it means ‘Yes’, fellow weebs)

Cheryl was used to this, so she moved to a place where she wouldn’t be involved.

From Phillips who was holding a sword, magical power rises.

…Maa, if I call Ted weak, then this young man is weaker than him.

This young man had an appearance similar to that of a 17-or 18-year-old human. Well, if that is the case, then he should be around 60 to 80 years old according to his appearance.

Since I have a long lifespan, I can spend a lot of time on training, but compared to a human expert, the age difference isn't even funny.

This isn't too important.

While letting out a long breath, and bending my left arm back, I gestured「Come」with my right hand. (TLN: Come at me br0)

「…Should I use the back of the sword?」

「My fist is very strong. Don't look down on it, you should feel relieved.」

Seriously, it's not like I despise him.

That's merely a proper evaluation.

However, Philips, being a swordsman, doesn't seem to understand.

「I can't fight a weaponless person. Take your weapon out.」

「Leave if you think so. If you really think that a sword is stronger.」(TLN: 抜かせてみれば良いではないか。本当に剣の方が強いと思うのならばな)

Philips face contorted.

Yare yare. Just by saying the truth straight out, this young person's face distorts.

Phillips, whose eyebrows slanted in anger, held the rapier, and rushed forward.

Regardless if it was a straight movement or an illusive diversion, it evidently seems to be an attack with history behind it.

Feeling the muffled bloodthirst from the blade tip, I gently took a step closer.

There's no need to use my left hand. If you look down on the fist, I'll teach you the terror of unarmed combat.

Dodging the extending rapier, I enter his bosom area.

Although breaking the sword was fine, it is cruel. It should be over if I strike him with a palm.

Phillips face contorted in surprise, no longer hiding it anymore, I directed some magical power into my palm.

It's best to defeat him without leaving any external injury. Since blood can be regenerated through magical power, internal wounds can be cured immediately in contrast to external wounds. (TLN: Wait what. In XianXia, it's always the internal wounds that take longer...)

——Strength.

The palm filled with magical power was rammed down.

As a result of being unable to hold out, Phillips flew parallel along the ground.

Before long, making a huge impact sound‥Phillips lands.

Shimatta. It seems to have been filled with more power than I thought. (TLN: Shimatta is like an "I fucked up" expression in Japanese.)

I rushed over to the groaning Phillips in the distance.

...Uumu, it seems like the opponent is exhausted.

「Are you alright? Sorry, it seems like I've gone too far.」

While applying recovery magic, I chanted the healing incantation.

He might have died if left alone, with this damage.

Seriously though, didn't I always remind Cheryl to hold back a little? (EDN: I think he is reminding himself that he should hold back too)

Intentionally playing the pig to eat the tiger is not what I want, thus, it had become a hassle to have to treat them each time. This is annoying.

「Uhm, I'm very sorry…the technique of unarmed fighting is amazing…」

Phillips became respectful. In the world of Martial Arts, it isn't unusual for the defeated opponent to use a respectful tone, so I wonder if he has lost before.

Fumu, have you lost a little confidence?

….Maa if one polishes Martial Arts, then they shouldn't be heart-broken from this.

Being able to accept defeat is important, it allows one to move on. If one can overcome this period of mental trauma, good results can be expected in the distant future.

「Judging things from appearance, you have a painful look.

Certainly having a weapon is advantageous, but unarmed is good as well, having good points such as being able to fight at a closer range.」

Finishing the treatment, I tapped his shoulder. (TLN: Dunno how to word it, it's like when you do a good job and a father puts his hand on your shoulder and says 'Good job')

Then, Phillips nodded with a meek face.

「To look down on you because of your young age, please excuse my behavior.

It was a good lesson.」

Rising, Phillips thanked me.

He's a good lad. Changing his mindset, success.

「Then, I'll leave it at this.

Cheryl, it's alright now.」

Calling Cheryl over, Cheryl rushed over here and waited.

All right, that said, Cheryl should have no problem defeating most opponents.

Now, letting Cheryl face him should make her remember the pressure of training.

Recently, the best training for Cheryl is sparring. Since there aren't any martial artists that have reached Cheryl's level, this is why I want to take a look around the world as soon as possible.

「Slava-dono. Thank you very much.

Some time in the future, I would like to have a rematch.」

「Lift your face.

I'll accept anytime. When you think you can win, come.」

Phillips lowered his head again while I told him to ease himself, and attached a condition of a rematch.

Becoming the goal of this young person might be a bit too much, but it may give birth to a future master──I cannot just carelessly decline.

However, it isn't like I won't decline.

Before getting too involved in the town, let's try to leave the town as soon as possible. Now that the new places to see in this place has decreased, I say we go to the Mountain Town Natousha, which is surrounded by beautiful nature.

If we have a picnic on the mountains, I wonder if Cheryl will be pleased.

She is the granddaughter of an old friend, who doubled as my friend. As I took a quick glance at Cheryl, the person in question looked puzzled. (TLN: Sentence was totally redone by Silva)

Fumu, it's decided, we have to raise a little request tomorrow.

「Nee, nee」

As I was thinking about what actions I should take for the future, Cheryl started pulling the hem of my clothes.

What's the matter? Using my eyes to question her, she pointed at Phillips in the distance.

「Recovery magic, is it useful?」

Cheryl's question seems to be about the recovery magic I used on Phillips.

The thing called magical power, anyone can use it regardless of race, but the amount of inherent magical power is different.

Well, it can be used by anyone if he or she learns it diligently.

「Aa, when it's the time to approve a rank of in the Shijima Style, there's an examination for Recovery Magic (Maho) and Recovery Sorcery (Majutsu).

Injuries can't be avoided in a match, even more so now that I'm a juvenile. Therefore, my mentor set it as mandatory while learning the ins and outs of the Shijima Style, and it was established.」

In my mentor's home country, an excellent Martial Artist used magic to heal the injuries and the like. With such an experience in his homeland, my mentor cultivated the Shijima Style, so I say that Recovery Magic (Maho) is compulsory.

With this kind of school background, it was only natural for Recovery Magic to be one of my strongest point as a master of Shijima Style. (TLN: Danks ED such reform)

On the other hand, while I excel at Recovery Magic, the amount of pain I had to endure to raise my Recovery Magic to this level was proportional.

My mentor used to say that life and death were two sides of a coin, and looking back, he may have a point.

….Iya, I might be thinking too much.

「Is that so…anything else, is any other magic used?」

「Although I can use some Fire magic, unfortunately, it isn't suitable for attacking purposes.」

Nonetheless, it's simply was necessary to learn.

It is convenient for everyday life——although it is simple magic that can be used as long as one continues to practice, I don't like magic that requires incantation to trigger it, which means I can't use offensive magic.

Maa, my mentor and Chester shared the same mentality anyway, if I remember correctly, Alma was good at Fire and Ice magic.

「Could it be, Cheryl wants to learn magic?」

「U~un, I only asked….But, I do want to learn Recovery Magic」

Hearing the intention behind the question, there was a tacit declining.

However, using Recovery Magic, huh.

….Fumu. Although I don't plan on depriving Chester of his favorite disciple, Recovery Magic certainly is certainly convenient.

It's going to become a long trip anyway, so he probably wouldn't mind if I teach her.

「I can teach you if it's just Recovery Magic.

How about it, do you want to learn?」

「….Please. Since my power seems to be a little too strong….when something happens, I want to do something myself.」

It seems that she is aware of her own strength.

Even though I taught her how to control her power, anyhow, that's just like Cheryl. Certainly, in preparations for an emergency, Recovery Magic would come in handy.

「Yoshi, then do you want to start learning immediately?

Well, if it's for you, Cheryl, until you're able to use it, I'll keep teaching you.」(TLN: Yes, 'Yoshi' is the green shi-I mean, cough, "Yes" in Japanese)

「Really? Thank you, Slava-kun….」

While her listless eyes became dyed with happiness, Cheryl hugged me.

….Naturally, with the power of a vise. I feel her grip was a little stronger compared to ten years ago, or so I want to believe.

A little stronger, huh. With this much force, it might be possible for her to become aware of her Herculean strength.

I wonder if I am getting senile, with that feeling, we went to the inn.

